JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 28, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1528.

GREAT MILK MYSTERY SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

"That's how all grates would look if everybody used Zebo"

"THERE is a large family in my household," writes Mrs. M. L. Adams, of 13 Raeburn Street, Brixton, London, S.W.2, "and it's wonderful to see the way they gather round the fireside in the evenings. No gadding out for them! I take pride in my fireplace, which I consider the true centre of home-life. And it makes a big difference if it's kept really bright. During the week—no special time—I just shake a little Zebo on a cloth—then a quick polish and it comes up like black satin. Zebo takes all the stains off—which makes it ideal for the fender and fireback too. It's really very easy."

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HULL AND LONDON

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GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Carr. Paid	Down 12/6 p.
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15	8	140/-	5/- 10/-

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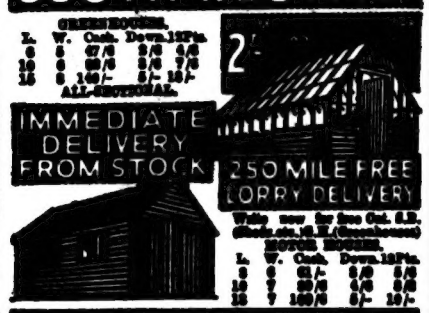

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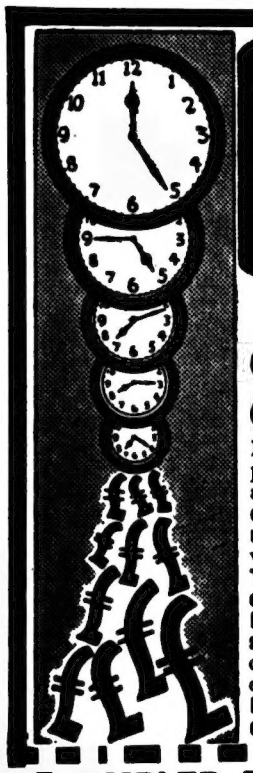

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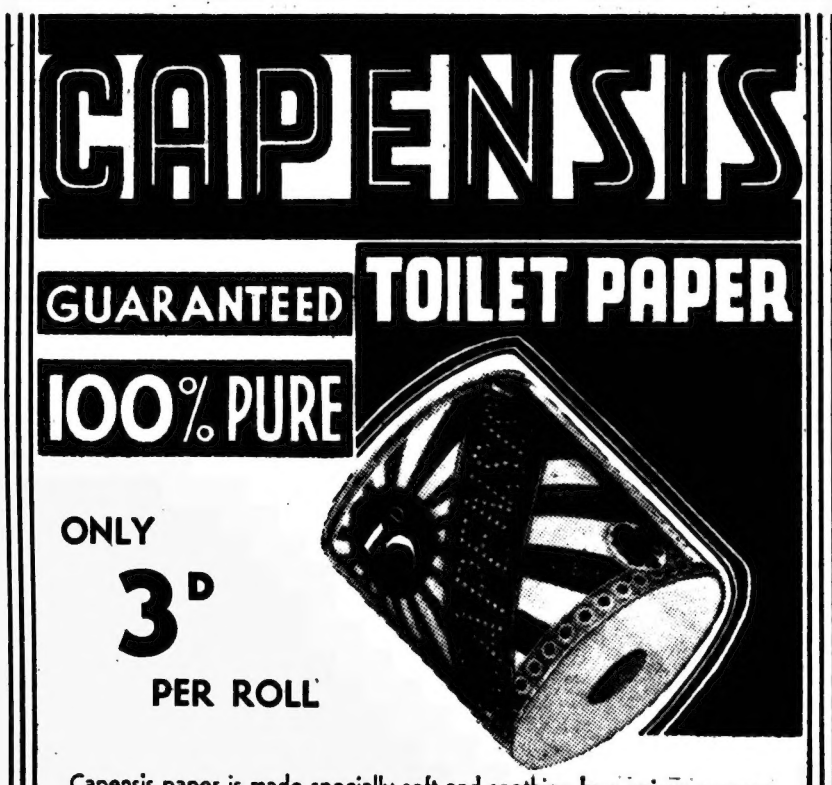
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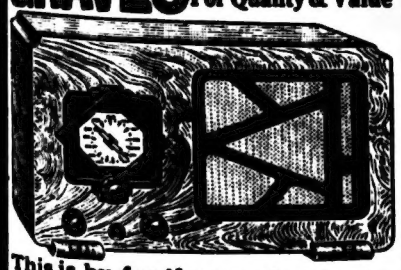

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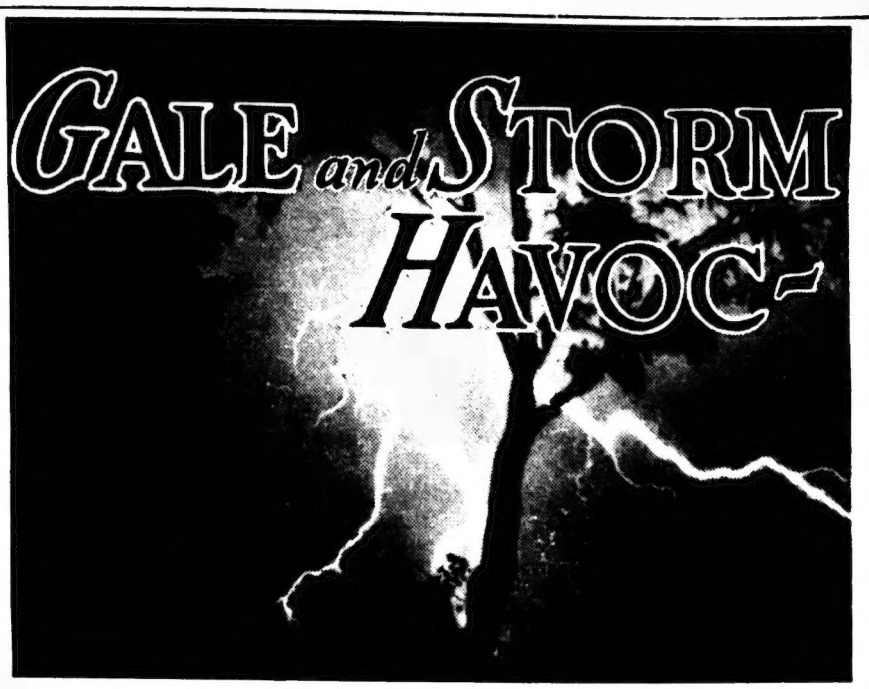

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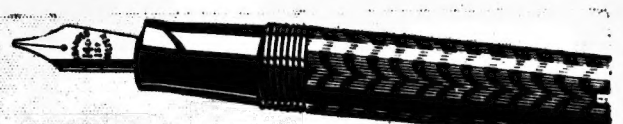

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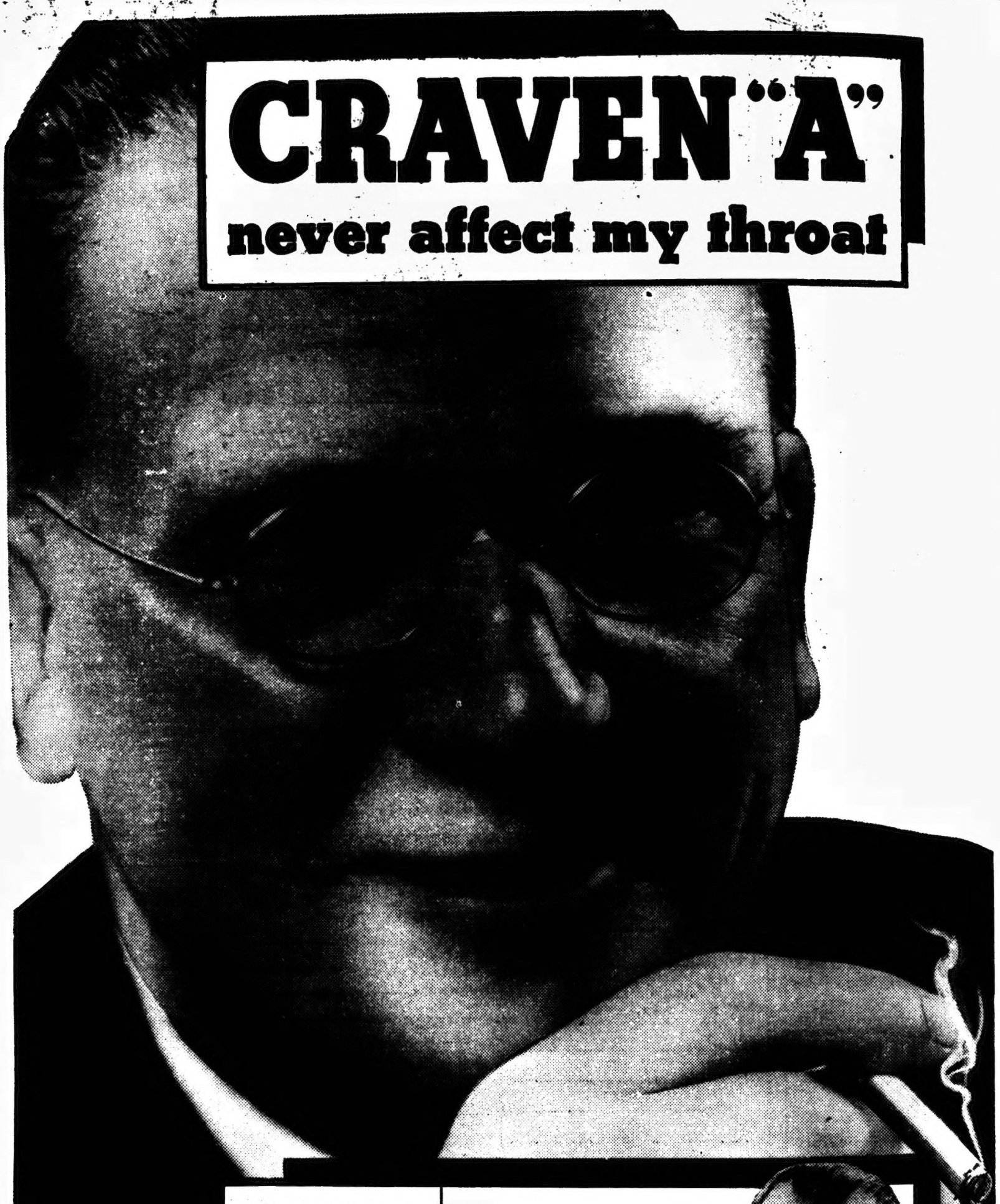

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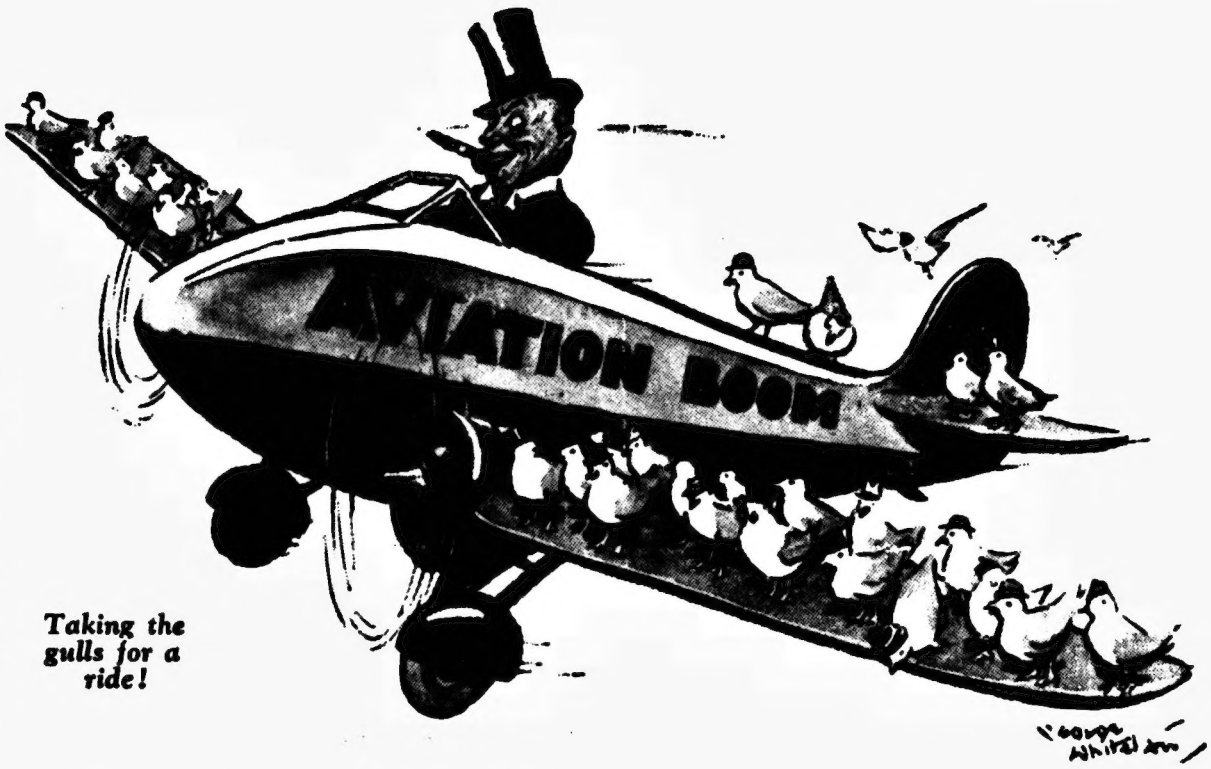
Without Fear or Favour

JOHN BULL



Taking the gulls for a ride!

PLUNDER *in the* AIR

THESE are boom days for aviation. That means there is money in it, not only for reputable companies which are constantly being formed to develop flying, both for commercial and private uses, but for those unscrupulous financiers who are exploiting the boom for their own ends.

They are doing their utmost to take investors "for a ride," in which a crash—though they do not say it—is guaranteed.

Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air, only last week told an audience at Southend-on-Sea, where he opened a new aerodrome, that before long we may expect Great Britain to be mapped out by a series of air services equipped with special facilities for flying. Every big and busy town, he said, would find an aerodrome as necessary as a railway station.

Shady company promoters, with this new and fertile field to exploit, are gulling the investing public.

A fortnight ago an alien named Howard Hyman Kronick was expelled from Britain by the Home Secretary. He had been requested to leave on four different occasions, but had remained.

His chief business in England was to build an aircraft factory at Liverpool, and obtain finance to launch Britain's first commercial air route to the United States. In view of what the Home Office discovered about him, he was regarded as an undesirable and banished.

Luckily, he was an alien and could be deported. But there are many individuals like him among our own countrymen who are urging investors to back them in schemes which have the "advance and progress" of civil aviation as their main bait.

Quite a dozen have lately engaged official attention, and it is because we know—and Scotland Yard and the Home Office know—that attempts are being made to enlist financial support in reckless and shady aviation ventures that we issue a word of warning before the exploitation of the great air boom gets in full flight.

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At the moment, with offices in the West End of London, there are a number of dubious financiers who are deeply interested in a scheme to run another cross-Channel air service between England and the Continent.

During the past few months many moneyed people have been approached by one or another of them with a view to their financing a syndicate which has been formed to carry out the preliminary work the scheme entails.

Several people, in fact, have actually parted with money in the belief that the "service" will be a great boon to passengers and commercial bodies alike. Investors have been told that numerous big stores have undertaken already to send goods across the Channel at special rates in the freight 'planes the company will acquire.

It all sounds very alluring, but this project is one of many which JOHN BULL proposes to watch very closely.

At least three of the men who are interested in it have dubious financial records, while the actual promoter has constantly come under the eyes of Scotland Yard in connection with various ventures of the bogus company type.

With men of this description at the helm disaster for everybody except themselves may be taken as a foregone conclusion!

From the South of France, too, there constantly comes to London a man who has been associated with numerous company crashes. He has been behind building schemes, direct-produce ramps, bogus banking concerns, and so on.

We know that his recent visits to this country to confer with financiers of his own kidney have been concerned with a big aircraft scheme he is preparing to exploit in the near future.

Now the aircraft boom is reaching its height there will be no end of men like him who will attempt to sell stock to the unwitting investor on the lure of the great profits "to be made in the sky."

Quite recently a promoter, who has been associated with many questionable companies, was trying to raise funds for the commercialisation of an airport he proposed to construct.

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Another notorious company promoter, who has been to jail on several occasions, is also in the aviation field. He has been involved in bank frauds, share ramps, commercial swindles and spurious gold-mining ventures. His victims, in different guises, are to be found all over the world.

Lately he has been trying to interest investors privately in a civil aviation institution he proposes to set up near London, with colleges for the training of pupils all over the country. Those who have supported him so far have seen no return for their money at all.

A little time back a small limited liability company was formed for the ostensible purpose of acquiring land said to be eminently suitable for private aircraft purposes.

Behind the directors' minds was the possibility of getting together sufficient investors to purchase an option on the land, and to cover the cost of printing and issuing attractive literature dealing with the proposed scheme.

It was intended then to form a big public company to secure from them the land in question, and to raise a large amount of money for constructing an aerodrome, factories, and so on.

Their only real interest was in the difference between the sum for which they secured the option and the amount for which they sold it to the second company—a matter of tens of thousands of pounds *to be shared among themselves!*

Scotland Yard, it is good to know, is watching them!

A few years ago a financier who has brought many companies to ruin started a dog track in the provinces which was not a success. His shareholders lost everything.

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Now he has hit upon the idea of "taking over" the derelict track, forming a new company, perfecting a scheme which has for its ostensible aim the furtherance of the civil aircraft industry, and making a fresh raid upon investors' pockets for funds which will more than likely go down the drain.

JOHN BULL, within the last few months, has published several specific exposures of aircraft schemes which are not worth a halfpenny of anybody's money. In some of them crooked financiers are behind the scenes, and money is being sought from investors on the assurance that civil aviation is a thing of the future, in which great profits will be made by those who get in quickly.

We shall continue to keep a vigilant eye on such schemes and others like them.

Meantime there is one thing every member of the investing public must do.

Consider with the greatest caution any appeal for funds which comes to you for any project that is launched with the grand and laudable plea of the advancement of civil and commercial aviation.

And—write to JOHN BULL about it!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

How Can a Child of Ten Know the Law!

One-Man Drink Test is Wrong

Eggs Mustn't Become a Luxury

A LITTLE girl of Galashiels found a purse in the street and handed it to her mother. The mother tried to trace the owner among her neighbours and failed, then took the purse to the police office.

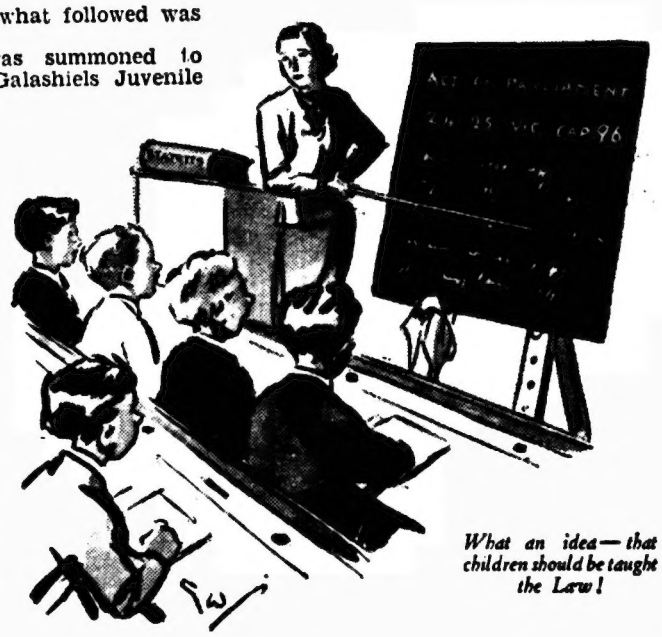
If that was right, what followed was damnably wrong.

The little girl was summoned to appear before the Galashiels Juvenile Court.

Charged

There she was solemnly charged with having found "a purse containing 1s. 3½d. in Co-operative Society checks, and failing to report the fact and deposit the purse at the police office."

It made no difference that the mother had returned the lost property. The little girl should have reported the affair within forty-eight hours, so said the magistrate.



What an idea—that children should be taught the Law!

No excuse

It was pleaded that she had not committed an offence, for what could a child of ten know about police laws. It was described as "deplorable" that a summons should have been handed to so young a person.

The prosecution brushed these arguments aside. The burgh prosecutor retorted that the child was charged with a breach of an Act of Parliament. Ignorance of the law, he declared, was no excuse.

And though the magistrate discharged the child with a warning, we have no hesitation in asserting that the case should never have been brought.

Alarming prospects

The dictum that a child must be fully cognisant of legal technicalities seems to us a piece of dangerous nonsense. If it were to be adopted as a fact, most of the child's schooling would have to be devoted to expositions of the Acts of Parliament and official regulations.

That might result in our youngsters knowing the Law, the whole Law—but they would know nothing but the Law.

Let us hope, therefore, that the Galashiels case will remain unique. But even that will be poor consolation for the luckless little girl of Galashiels and her parents.

Lucky boy!

Much happier is the luck of another youngster, a lad of fourteen, who found a purse containing £628.

The owner offered him a small reward; a special court at Girvan has decided that he shall receive £20.

Honesty should be its own reward, it may be said. But only the mean of heart deny adequate recognition to those who restore a lost fortune.

Caller herrin' problem

Great catches are predicted for the new herring season. Will they benefit either fishermen or consumers?

In previous years millions of the fish had to be thrown back into the sea. Though the Government has now devised a marketing scheme for the industry, it is chiefly concerned with restricting supplies.

Good business men know that it's more profitable to sell a lot cheaply than a little expensively. Politicians have yet to realise this elementary truth.

Hens won't hustle

But eggs are becoming dearer because they are really scarcer. According to one expert, they may soon become a luxury.

He blames the modern "factory methods" of egg production for the increase in poultry disease. Doctors blame other modern methods for the increase in nervous disease among humans.

We moderns may be a clever lot, but in some things we are a lot too clever.

Human dormouse

At least one man, however, claims to have found a remedy for the troubles of the age. He is Arthur Gehrke, a Wisconsin innkeeper, who has just gone to bed and intends to stay there until next Spring, having hibernated in this fashion for twenty years.

He wants us all to follow his example, though he doesn't explain how we should be provided with food and enough money to pay the rent.

And though we might miss some worries, we should also be deprived of a lot of pleasure. Fortunately, most of us have ambition to be something better than human dormice.

She dared

Another oddity that interests us concerns the Middlesex man who dared his wife to fetch a policeman. She took him at his word, which cost him a £10 fine for being under the influence of drink while in charge of a car.

No doubt her action was in the interests of public law and order. But in the interests of domestic peace it is probably a good thing that few wives would be so public-spirited in such an emergency.

One-man tests

Certainly we feel some misgivings about the Tottenham case in which a taxi-driver was fined for being "drunk in charge" on the evidence of a chemist from the new police college.

The chemist declared that his analysis proved the accused man to have had alcohol equivalent to eight pints of beer; the taximan asserted that he had had only one drink.

One man's word against another's is hardly a satisfactory basis for legal proceedings, even when one of the disputing parties is a bright young man from the police college.

Waking them up

We must thank Mr. Duff Cooper, the Treasury chief, for prodding the sleepier of his officials. A month ago we asked him to end the absurdity of giving some Civil Servants less pay when they were promoted—an absurdity against which the staff associations have been protesting for years. Our request has been met by a Treasury promise that a remedy will at last be sought.

Healthy recreation

And we are glad that Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, is going to end one of the drawbacks of life on the new municipal housing estates.

Many of these places, though self-contained communities, have no provision for pleasure.

He is now telling councils that they can build the dance and recreation halls which have long been needed.

Neglected suburbs

There is another job that should be tackled in all new suburbs—the provision of public libraries.

Councils plead that this would increase the rates. That's true, but the increase would be comparatively small.

Is the real reason for their inaction the fact that a little work might be entailed?

Borstal booming

But the Borstal authorities cannot be accused of inaction. They are extending their accommodation because a larger number of inmates are expected in the near future.

The chief cause of crime, juvenile and adult, is unemployment. The remedy is obviously *not* the provision of bigger Borstal camps.

Death-trap

Just as obvious is the remedy which should be applied to Britain's most tragic stretch of water—the part of the Glamorgan Canal which passes through Cardiff.

More than a score of parents mourn children drowned there; hundreds of youngsters have been rescued with difficulty. One man, Mr. Jack Dibden, has saved forty odd; another twenty odd.

Since open spaces are very few in the city, the canal banks are an attractive playground for the young, but no effort is made to fence in the waterway.

Action needed

The canal company could claim with justification that it is not responsible, since persons using the banks are actually trespassers.

But why does the city council not take measures to prevent further sacrifice of young lives?

Spreading fever

"Someone had best write to JOHN BULL about it" is an unusual piece of advice to find in a parish magazine. But the North Dorset church monthly has ample justification for calling our attention to the "public scandal" of discharging patients from isolation hospitals before their period of infection has ended.

The rector of Kington Magna complains that this practice has brought back scarlet fever to his village, while "a neighbouring parish has suffered from more than one such case."

Wooden heads

Well, such news is no surprise to us. We have frequently attacked the dangerous stupidity of hospital authorities which is apt to result in fresh outbreaks of infectious disease.

But the North Dorset Church Magazine will realise, we are sure, that not even JOHN BULL can knock sense into the thick heads of some authorities.

Hot water for Mrs. Grundy

"The Mrs. Grundys have done more harm to public morals than all the pornographic books that have ever been published," says Mr. A. M. Wall.

Maybe they have. Certainly we share his dislike of "the interfering old maids" who hold up their hands in horror at the bare legs of chorus girls.

But we think he will agree with us that people who perpetrate filthy jokes on the stage, those who practise nudism in public, and others of their kind, are equally detestable. The midway course between puritanism and pornography is the best.

Welcome war

Our common foe, Noise, is on the retreat. Engineers believe they have found a cure for the din of London's "Tubes." Air Force experts are testing a device for silencing aero engines.

It will be a relief if talking in underground trains becomes something less than a trial of physical strength and if 'planes no longer bombard us with artificial thunder.

If we now turn our attention to the needless racket on the earth's surface the end of a welcome war will be in sight.

Whistles in harmony

In a small way, Slough Urban Council is helping the campaign. It has decided that the whistles of all factories in its area must keep the same time!

The chief advantage may be that Slough people will know it is five minutes to the hour when the whistles sound, but it will also reduce the period of sound.

A minor improvement, as we say, but one to be copied.

They've gone

Many women who try to earn a few shillings at home by knitting garments find themselves swindled out of payment by certain firms which accept their work. One of the worst of these fraudulent concerns, Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., was exposed by Sir Wyndham Childs in these columns a few months ago.

We are gratified to report that this firm has now closed down.

Helping their choice

An obvious but excellent suggestion is that children should be examined by school doctors before they leave to take up jobs for which they may be physically unfit.

That is the best idea that has come from the Board of Education for a very long time, and we trust that local education authorities will not be slow to adopt it.

At the same time, would it not be advisable to consider more fully the child's own desires and, if necessary, to deter him from attempting to enter an occupation that is already overcrowded?

The Fragrant Minute.

STORING

STORED her summer scents, has she, for she loves a pot pourri! Rose petals, every scented kind, that in her garden she could find; nor of course did she forget musk and stocks and mignonette; lavender, and just a hint of lemon-thyme and pungent mint.

Summer fragrance in the room, distelling thoughts of winter gloom! And as she smells the fragrant scent, her heart is filled with quiet content remembering the summer hours, garlanded with bright hued flowers; remembering the clear blue skies as innocent as baby eyes. A pot pourri brings back, you see, summer's radiant panoply.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL

The GREAT MILK MYSTERY

If the milk prices were properly adjusted every home could have one pint a day more

AT present the biggest bluff of the century in connection with retail food prices is being imposed on the public. It is contained in the statements which are being served up daily from the opposing camps in what is called the milk prices war.

It is the housewife who is being bluffed. Everything that has been said and done tends to delude her into the belief that she is fortunate in not having to pay more than she does for her milk supply.

The offensive is often the best form of defence. That is why the retailers are attacking so violently the Milk Marketing Board and the farmers. In the fight for bigger profits it is hoped that the public will lose sight of the fact behind the smoke-screen that it is already being heavily overcharged for the milk it buys for domestic use.

In all hostilities between the retailers and the farmers the consumers have always been treated as mere spectators who pay the price whatever the result of the conflict. In the present quarrel they are again being regarded by the trade as nonentities who will believe what they are told if enough noise is made in the telling.

The arithmetic of the milk situation is very simple until it is brought to the point where the real profits of the retailers and the actual costs of the farmers come to be calculated. Then vital figures are found to be missing. Even the Milk Board is not furnished with them. JOHN BULL has lately offered the use of its columns to representative members of the retail trade to explain and justify their charges to the public. They have preferred to decline the invitation. The farmer's ledger is also a sealed book.

THE known facts are that until next summer, if the rates fixed by the Milk Board are approved and the retailers do not succeed in their threat to cease distribution until their demands are conceded, the farmers will receive tenpence and five-twelfths per gallon—a small fraction over a penny farthing per pint.

The margin allowed to the retailer between the price he pays to the farmer and the price he charges his customer is just over 11d. per gallon in London and large centres down to 10d. per gallon in small communities—an average of about a penny and three-eighths per pint.

Most consumers will have to pay 3½d. per pint during the next six months.

Mystery enters the problem at the stage where it is desirable to ascertain the justification for the penny and three-eighths per pint which is given to the retailer for distribution costs and profit after the wholesale price to the farmer and the cost of the transport of the milk from the farm have been met.

The retailers alone can cast light on the sufficiency of that figure. They do not do so, but ask for more.

Experts who have probed the matter as far as the retailers and farmers allow them have reached the opinion that milk of the very best quality could be retailed in London at a margin of 9d. per gallon and at less in the rest of the country, equivalent to a reduction of five-eighths of a penny per quart if the difference was passed on to the consumer.

It was the verdict of both the Linlithgow and the Grigg Commissions that the margin between the wholesale and retail prices of milk is excessive. This is known also to be the conclusion of a Consumers' Committee appointed by the Minister of Agriculture to advise the Milk Board.

But even if the retailers could be persuaded or forced to admit that they have been treated too generously, it would be most unlikely that anything they were called upon to concede would go to the consumers. The public, in the eyes of those who fix prices and determine who shall receive what, is only a dummy. The official policy, as proved by recent events, is that, if there is to be any variation in prices, it should be wholly in favour of the farmers.

BUT the Milk Board will quickly lose the confidence of the general public—who are not in any way represented on it—if it does not promptly give some consideration to the consumer. The Board knows well that the housewife is paying far too much for her milk, whether the excess is going to the retailer or the farmer. Yet it has done nothing on her behalf. If the Board feels that it needs greater power than it possesses, it will certainly get it by asking. Unfortunately, it is tending to use its existing large measure of dictatorial authority for only the farmers' gain.

A peep at the inner moves recently made in the milk prices game is instructive by the revelation of the complete unconcern of the players for the interests of the public.

The opening gambit was made by the retailers, who approached the Milk Board with an expressed desire to lower the price of milk to the consumers. This was too good to be true. Nothing like it had ever been heard before. After it had recovered from the surprise of the offer the Board proceeded to look for the suspected "catch."

It was soon found. The retailers did not propose to sacrifice anything. Their proposal was really a device to get still more for themselves.

They asked that the price paid to the farmers should be reduced by two-thirds of a penny per gallon, and the difference given to the retailers for the ultimate benefit of the public.

Closer examination revealed, however, that the retailers did not intend to pass on the whole of the reduction to the consumers. Even if they decided to give their customers one-half, the advantage to them would have been so negligible as to be insulting. It would have been one-twenty-fourth of a penny per pint!

The Milk Board did not entertain for a moment the idea of the public receiving even this tiny crumb. It decided that the consumers must continue to pay maximum prices, that the retailers must take less by five-twelfths of a penny per gallon, and that the whole of the difference, representing £1,250,000 per annum, should be given to the farmers.

The retailers have appealed to the Minister of Agriculture to override the Board and the Board has produced a concealed trump card by disclosing the existence of a fighting fund of £750,000, amassed from the farmers, to resist the retailers if they go so far as to hold up the distribution of the nation's milk supply.

In all the turmoil it will be seen there is not a thought for the consumers. They are meant only to be impressed by the suggestion that they are lucky not to be required to pay still higher prices.

The retailers are pleading that more than one-half of the margin they are allowed is absorbed by labour costs. It is true that they have to pay Trade Board rates, which are approximately double what the farmer is supposed to pay but often evades paying to his workers.

The retailers in many centres are faced, too, with illegal price-undercutting and the unfair competition of producers who are also retailers and who sell only raw untreated milk to the public at top prices. There is no doubt that milk distribution in populous areas has become a miracle of efficiency, and proper allowance has to be made for a service which includes whole-time scientific staff, pasteurisation, twice-daily deliveries, the collection and sterilisation of bottles, credit, and so on. In many respects, the service has become a too-luxurious one, with the accompanying evil that a very large section of the community does not obtain any of the benefits but is compelled to pay prices fixed on the assumption that it does.

The annual yield of milk in Britain is now one thousand million gallons, and it is increasing at the rate of ten million gallons per month. More than one-third of the production is surplus and virtually waste because the public cannot afford to pay the high prices being charged. Three hundred and fifty million gallons, at least, have to be disposed of annually to the cheese and chocolate factories at a price considerably below the cost of production

This waste represents a loss of about one pint per day to every home in the country in which it would be used if the price permitted.

It is clearly the policy of a body of retailers to lessen this production so that they may continue to enjoy big profits on a restricted turnover. They must be taught to think otherwise. The present basis of distribution which starves countless homes of milk because the price demanded cannot be paid is intolerable when the supply is so abundant that a great part of it has to be jettisoned.

ALREADY the operations of the Milk Board have extracted an additional £4,000,000 per annum from the consumers. On top of that the Board now intends to transfer £1,250,000 yearly from the retailers to the farmers. All this is fantastic at a time when the market is glutted and millions of people are denied any milk because the price is prohibitive.

And now the retailers have had the colossal audacity to threaten to stop the distribution of milk if their demands are not granted. It is clearly the duty of the Government to meet this daring challenge by replacing the Milk Board with a system of control of all branches of the milk industry so that one of the vital food services of the country can never again be placed in such jeopardy.

For the moment the essential point is that the housewife is receiving what is tantamount to 20 per cent. short measure of milk for the price she pays.

The Minister of Agriculture has appointed a committee to decide whether the spoil should go to the farmer or the retailer. It should give nothing to either, but take something from both and hand it all to the consumer.

Five

Miss Mary Carlin: doughty champion of factory girls and the dockers and their wives

Mrs. Jennie Adamson: watches the housewife's interests, as well as the servant girl's

Lady Mabel Smith: coming from the countryside herself, she fights for better conditions for the landworker

"WOMEN ought to stay at home and look after babies. Women aren't cut out for public life. How can they hope to compete with men?"

That is what our grandfathers said. So did our fathers. Some folk are saying it to-day. Even some women.

But millions of housewives, mill girls, typists and women in all the professions would be worse off to-day had not some of their sisters braved public ridicule, risked battered heads and even gone to prison, just because they believed in a Cause.

You can find these champions of a square deal for women in all Parties. Some were born in castles, some in slums.

Five of them will give an account of their stewardship in a few days' time.

They are the five women members of the Labour Party National Executive, who will walk on the platform when the Party conference opens on Monday, September 30.

See what a representative group of womanhood they are:

LADY MABEL SMITH, fifty-five-year-old sister of the Earl Fitzwilliam, wife of a country squire and colonel, a leader of the war-time Land Girls' Army, and for years a champion of hungry women and children and underpaid farm labourers in her native Yorkshire.

MRS. JENNIE ADAMSON, a frail-looking Scottish working girl, who married a patternmaker, helped him become an M.P., and is determined to become one herself.

MRS. BARBARA GOULD, good-looking brunette, daughter of two famous scientists, wife of a poet, a devoted wife and mother, who organised a great national food and clothing commissariat for the wives and children of the miners in 1926.

MISS MARY CARLIN, a white-haired, grandmotherly soul, who has worked hard since her girlhood, and spent a generation fighting for better conditions for factory girls.

Finally, MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE, well over sixty, tall, thin, brilliant mathematical scholar of Cambridge University, the most successful woman Minister in any Government; was reared in luxury, but cheerfully faced six weeks in prison in a fight to fill the empty cupboards of the poor mothers of the East End of London.

Let us consider Susan first—for everybody in the political world calls her Susan. Her other name is Arabella.

Chat with her five minutes and you will discover her weakness. She will have puffed out a cigarette and a half in that time. Tells you it soothes her nerves. But they do not really need soothing.

I once saw her after she had flown the Channel in a gale that forced every other pilot but hers to stay on the ground. She went straight to Westminster and made a speech that held four hundred M.P.s spellbound.

"Funny lady"

Susan comes of a brainy family. Two of her close relatives have been judges. At Newnham she took with high honours an examination that would have made her B.A., but women in that day were not allowed to hold degrees.

Back to London, she plunged into politics, became a Conservative member of the County Council and the Poplar Council, and constituted herself the champion of the East End mother. Gradually she realised that she was out of sympathy with her Party, and finally, disgusted with their handling of the charwomen's wages question, she lined up with George Lansbury and joined Labour.

Her next step was to start organising the factory girls in trade unions. At first the girls laughed at the "funny lady with a monocle" who addressed lunch-hour meetings from a coal cart outside the factory gates. But after a time they ceased to scoff, and stayed to listen. The thunderous boom she can give her voice made them!

On the County Council she put up a spirited fight against an attempt to economise on school-children's meals. Her daily visits to the homes of the East End mothers had taught her how few real meals there were at home.

When the war came she was one of the special arbitrators on war women workers' wages. The Government also placed her on the Priority Committee that allocated supplies of raw material to industry.

The post-war slump saw her fighting again for fair maintenance for the East End unemployed, and when the Poplar councillors were sent to prison at the instance of the Ministry of Health for standing by their people she spent six weeks in Holloway rather than surrender.

In 1920 and 1922 she stood for Parliament, but was beaten. In 1923 she was elected, and soon made her mark. In the second Labour Government she was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, and at once made a tour of the workhouses of the country. Improvements in the casual wards were made as soon as the tour was finished.

She played a big part in piloting through Parliament the Bills to remove injustices from the Widows' Pensions Act and to set up the slum clearance scheme which is now working so well.

Three years ago, though well over sixty, she "hiked" the Black Forest—a typical indication of her boundless energy.

To-day she is Labour candidate for Stockton-on-Tees, and is likely to be M.P. again after the next election.

MISS MARY CARLIN, born in Nottinghamshire, is also over sixty. Unlike Susan, she went to work at an early age instead of to a university. Her fellow-workers soon made her their leader, and to-day she is head of the women's department of the Transport and General Workers' Union. There she has done great work for factory girls and for the wives of dockers.

Always ready

She has a great fund of commonsense, and a capacity for settling differences. During the war the Government put her on the committee that enquired into the W.A.A.C. scandals. She was also on a State committee that organised food supplies, and upheld the munition girls' interests as a member of the Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Munitions.

Like Susan Lawrence, she is still hale and hearty at over sixty. If there is a swimming or tennis party going, she is in it.

Look at her kindly face, and you will guess that here is a women who will help any campaign that aims at preventing suffering.

She helped to lead the agitation against magistrates being allowed to

Moral Beauty

Homely Wisdom by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A CLEVER young artist has just been talking to me and interesting me very much while I watched him at work. His pictures will be famous some day, but in my opinion his views of life are as sound and right as the principles of his art.

Among other suggestive things he said to-day was this. The photographic camera can never give you the real personality of anybody. You will always find that if you have seen the photograph of a person before you see the man himself you have not obtained an adequate idea of what he really is. The moment you see him you receive an impression of his character that is something more and other than is revealed by his photographed features.

That is why the cinema will never drive out the drama acted on the stage by living actors. The talking film is from this point of view an improvement on the silent film because it gives you more of the actual personality of every man and woman taking part in the play. The voice is a great revealer of character, but it does not tell you everything, especially if reproduced by gramophone record.

The true artist, he continued, can give you something about a man that is not only hidden from the camera but that not even ordinary observation can discover. The competent artist portrays the soul as well as the body and brings to light the real self of his subject.

I saw at once that this was true and is the mark of the great portrait painter as distinguished from the mere copyist or collector of snap-shots.

There are some people who do not photograph well—why I do not know. One of these was the late Pope Pius the Tenth, whom I hear they are now preparing to canonise as a saint. When I saw him in 1904 my first feeling was one of surprise.

His photographs had given me the impression of a somewhat commonplace personality; I was now looking into a face that told of goodness in every line. Dignity and purity were combined in it in a remarkable degree.

The same might be said of our Queen Mary. No photograph that I have ever seen of her does her justice. She is a really beautiful woman, but the beauty is as much of the personality as of the outward form, and you have to be in her presence to see it. A good portrait might convey it, but never the camera alone.

That acute observer of human nature, Dean Inge, says that few things are more striking than the way in which as time goes on a man's or woman's habits of life write themselves on the countenance and make themselves felt in everyday intercourse.

The kind of person one is cannot be wholly concealed; and if the governing purpose of our life is one of which we have no cause to be ashamed it gradually tells its own tale in our very appearance.

There is a beauty of old age that is greater than the beauty of youth. With the decay of the body there comes or should come into view a charm of spirit that more than outweighs the diminishing attractiveness of the flesh.

Some of the most lovely people in the world have what strictly speaking are plain faces; but to those who have eyes to see they are better worth painting than the fairest face that lacks what they possess.

We paint our own picture by what we are and by what we are making of ourselves.

Women who FIGHT for WOMEN

Mrs. Barbara Gould (left) and Miss Susan Lawrence—both University products who have thrown their energies into the cause of better times for women—in the home, in the office, and in the workshop

birch children; drew up a scheme for a needleworkers' guild, to provide work for aged women dressmakers thrown on the scrapheap as being too old at forty; and led a campaign against the old-fashioned custom of waking hospital patients at five and six in the morning.

Recently she proposed a World League of Mothers, the members of which would pledge themselves to prevent their sons taking up arms. She has championed the demand for children's playing fields, and once suggested that new flats should be built with fenced-in playgrounds on the roofs, to keep the children off the dangerous streets.

Young housewives have been her special care. She fought against the Act which deprived them of unemployment benefit after they had paid into the fund for years, and suggested they should be given a dowry to recompense them for this loss.

A few weeks ago she went to the Minister of Health to persuade him to do more to reduce maternal mortality, and suggested he should see that medical students are given a much better training in this branch of their professional work.

MRS. BARBARA GOULD is another product of the high school and the university. She did not just drift into politics. She set out definitely to qualify herself for the vocation. And before the war she was holding high office in the Women's Suffrage Movement, where her efforts helped to win women the vote. Then she became the Organising Secretary of the Council for Lunacy Reform, which has done so much to rescue sane people from asylums.

The Society for the Endowment of Motherhood was another cause she helped, and much of her work in the last few years has been on behalf of working-class mothers.

Food for miners

When the Government tried to economise at the expense of the unemployed, her census of household budgets, compiled after hundreds of visits to cottage homes, showed that the cuts would leave only 2½d. a head for food and clothing in many cases, and shamed many local authorities into granting extra allowances.

While farmers are complaining that they have surplus milk, she has repeatedly reminded the Government that women and children in hundreds of thousands of homes are suffering in health because they are not getting enough.

If Barbara Gould had the task of controlling Britain's food supply, we should have no more reports of malnutrition among children and mothers.

She showed what she could do as a member of the Fight the Famine Council just after the war, and when she organised supplies for the wives and families of the miners in the 1926 stoppage.

She has not yet been in Parliament, but she is a bonny loser. Five times she has fought, once being beaten by only four votes. She ought to win Hulme (Manchester) at the next election. When there is another Labour Government you will see her holding high office.

If heredity counts for anything, here is her pedigree:

Father: Distinguished scientist, Fellow of the Royal Society, invented "flappers" for fanning gas out of dug-outs during the war.

Mother: One of the first women to qualify as an electrical engineer, inventor of a device that improved the efficiency of wartime searchlights by hundreds per cent.

For the last few months Barbara Gould has had to lay aside some of her political activities to nurse her husband through a critical illness.

MRS. JENNIE ADAMSON is a working woman who has climbed to the forefront of political life. Scottish pluck may have had something to do with it. She also nursed her husband through a long illness some time ago.

As the mother of a son—he is an officer in the merchant navy—it is easy to understand why she advocates No More War so fervently. But there is another reason why she denounces the war makers.

"As housekeepers," she says, "we women feel that the country can find better use for its money than to spend two-thirds of every pound raised by taxes in wasteful expenditure paying for old wars and preparing for new ones."

No exploitation

She does not believe in Hitler's dictum that women's only place is the home. But if women are to go out to work, she insists that they should not be exploited.

Hence her proposal for equal pay with men, and for a Domestic Workers' Charter, guaranteeing all domestic servants proper rates of pay, regular days off, proper living accommodation and holidays with pay.

When the Labour Government set up a commission to investigate the legal descriptions of foodstuffs, and see that purchasers get the thing they ask for, they wanted a woman to represent the typical housewife's point of view, and selected her.

She is fighting Stockport at the next election.

Finally, there is LADY MABEL SMITH, whose position in the Labour Party is almost unique. She comes of a family of fox-hunting squires from the West Riding of Yorkshire. She was brought up in the Manor House manner, and knows enough about countryside pursuits to take first prizes all over the country with her pedigree pigs.

She did farm work during the war, and helped to recruit the land girls' army.

As soon as she was old enough to see for herself she discovered that there was far too big an economic gap between the lady of the manor and the farm labourer. So she set about trying to get better wages for farm workers, and on the Yorkshire Farm Wages Committee has won many successes in this direction.

As an alderman of the West Riding County Council, she has done a great deal for education, and has fought hard to get the school-leaving age raised. "Keep the boys at school longer and you will provide more work for their fathers," she says.

She made a big fight against the present Government's "economy" in reducing secondary school scholarships. "It is not money that gives a child brains," she said, to the astonishment of the rich folk of Yorkshire. They could not imagine that a farm labourer should want to send his boy to a secondary school.

She has a very definite justification for women entering politics. "Governments exist," she says, "to protect the home, and therefore all social and economic and political questions are the vital concern of women!" . . .

There will be cheers for these five women when they step on the conference platform at Brighton. So long as British womanhood continues to produce such leaders it need not apologise for its entry into public affairs.

They have Won Better Times for Millions

A Young Wife rediscovers Romance

WHAT NICE HANDS MRS. FAWCETT HAS
SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO MY HOUSEWORK
DOESN'T SHE? THEY HAVEN'T GOT A MAID, YOU KNOW!
(THOUGHT) WHEN I KNOW MRS. FAWCETT BETTER, I'LL ASK HER WHAT HER SECRET IS
TEA AT MRS. FAWCETT'S
OF COURSE, MY DEAR DO ALL THE HOUSEWORK YOU LIKE — BUT NEVER FORGET TO SMOOTH A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY INTO YOUR HANDS AT NIGHT IT'S SPLENDID, AND ONLY 4½D A JAR
LATER
IT'S A SHAME TO MAKE SUCH LOVELY LITTLE HANDS DO HOUSEWORK
WORK DOESN'T MATTER NOW I KNOW MRS. FAWCETT'S SECRET

DOCTORS SAY—

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SCRATCHES BRUISES BURNS CUTS

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"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on page 4.

'OVALTINE' makes Milk

far more nourishing delicious & digestible

'OVALTINE,' added to milk, is the regular daily beverage of countless thousands of persons. They know that 'Ovaltine' has special properties which transform milk into a delicious beverage, far more nourishing and digestible than milk alone.

'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a ***complete and perfect*** food, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. It contains every nutritive element required for creating abundant energy and vitality and for building up body, brain and nerves. The presence of eggs in 'Ovaltine' is a very definite advantage.

The Family Beverage for Health

Every member of the family will benefit by making 'Ovaltine' his or her daily beverage. It is particularly necessary for growing children, for it has been conclusively proved that children who have 'Ovaltine' regularly at home—and during the morning break at school—are more alert, more efficient and less liable to fatigue. Moreover, the experience of school authorities shows that children who dislike milk take it eagerly when 'Ovaltine' is added.

But, be sure it ***is*** 'Ovaltine' and not an imitation made to ***look*** the same. There are very important differences. Remember that the supreme health-giving value of 'Ovaltine' is due to the exclusive scientific methods of manufacture, the excellence of its ingredients and the proportions in which they are used. For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

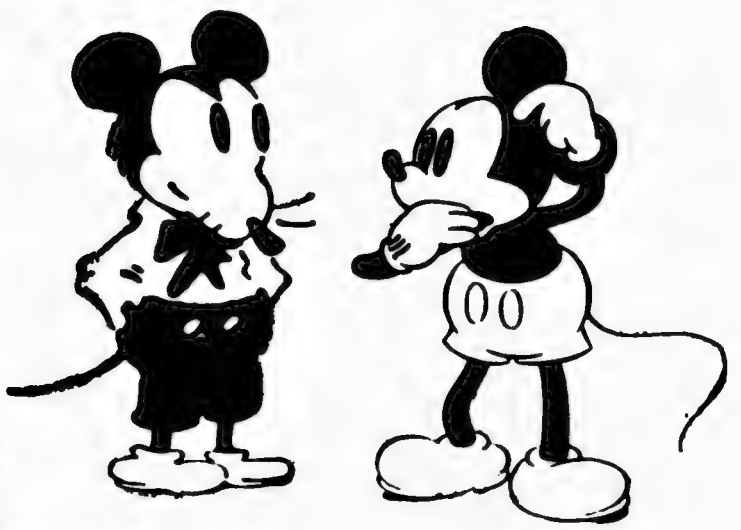
Special Note—'OVALTINE' is now served in leading Cafes and Restaurants.

P148A

Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine'

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mickey Mouse

Have Birthdays For *Ever!*



Mickey, aged one, surprises Mickey, aged seven

DEAR MICKEY,—So you are seven years old next Tuesday. I wish us all many happy returns. Every time you return, you make us so happy that I hope you will go on returning every fortnight until the End of Time.

When I was seven years old I was so unknown that when, at Ramsgate, I saw a Jubilee procession—so far as I can remember, it consisted merely of the fire brigade and the mayor—no one knew me. I was merely a little boy who said "Hurray!"

You, like a royal prince, achieved fame before you were one. In the case of a prince, it is merely because of his parentage. Your parents had no history, no existence, in fact, so far as the world knows. You are a miracle. Like Topsy, you "grew."

You did not have, as a prince does, a lot of fuss made of your first birthday. No bells rang, and no guns were fired in salute.

They did not bring you a special kind of cheese. Indeed, people said, "Oh, merely another Mouse!"

Yet, before you were two, you became the most popular animal who ever lived. Not even Greta Garbo was better known. Soon, you rivalled Charlie Chaplin as a celebrity.

But, while Charlie spent his time in wondering what his next picture would be, and taking three years over it, you appeared in thirteen a year, regularly. Before long, you had conquered the world—not with Tyranny or Hate, but by sheer good nature and kindliness.

YOU went out rescuing a damsel in distress. You faced what seemed insurmountable odds. You represented all that was chivalrous and gallant.

Other film stars are mere flesh and blood. You are pure spirit. They come and go. You remain. And, the longer you live, the better Mouse you become.

I was looking, yesterday, at a picture made of you when you were only one. You were a little frightened of the world, then.

You were also rather a grubby little mouse. You wore a tie, in those days, I see—yes, and you even smoked a cigar. I tried to, once, when I was a little boy. . . . You kept your hands in your pockets. That was before they bought you gloves.

Your tail stuck out straight. Then, it was only a tail. Now, it is a mood.

I wonder when it was you grew that tip-tilted little black snout. You did not have it when you were one. Yet now it sticks up at the skies, representing all that is cheekily defiant. It is a little bit of perpetual optimism in front of a face of awed interest.

SOMETIMES your tail may go down, but your nose—never! Not even when Donald Duck breaks up the party, and squawks and shows his wicked temper and breaks things, not even then does your nose betray a particle of annoyance.

Well, you are brave enough to tell us your age. Minnie Mouse, being a girl, never has her age mentioned. You see, she might grow up one day. Then people would say, "I can remember when she appeared in a small hall fifty years ago." She knows that. You—at any age, we know, would still remain a boy.

Now, Mickey, you are a lesson to all sorts of people. You never inflict punishment. You never say, "Get that stick out and we'll teach him." You never betray a longing for revenge.

You know, in your heart, that everything can be conquered, in the end, by persistent good will. Nor do you ever start a row. You merely have one forced on you. And yet, at the end, no one remembers a row. They merely remember how chivalrous you were, and how kindly—and how it was your big heart that triumphed over everything.

Besides, you love animals. How good you are to Pluto! There is a naughty Dog who is always getting you into terrible scrapes, upsetting a beehive, colliding with the furniture, breaking up the home, getting entangled with window-blinds. I have never known such a naughty Dog. Yet never once have I seen you lose your temper with Pluto. You have become a little stern now and then, perhaps. But, at the end, you always kiss him and forgive him. You know he is only a Dog and he cannot help it. But you are a Mouse.

You do not chain Pluto up at the bottom of the garden, as do some cruel people. He sleeps on your bed, as indeed Dogs should do. You know that. Besides, Dogs should be allowed to chew up things. They will do it, anyway. You and I know that. What else are they for?

BESIDES, you never lose your head. Vanity is no part of you. There is no snobbery in your nature. I have seen you at a gala performance meeting Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler—yes, even Charlie Chaplin—with a naturalness that would shame the way in which, in England, titled people run after celebrities of the screen.

True it is that once you fell a little bit in love with Greta Garbo and dreamed that she was kissing you, when, after all, it was dear old Pluto. But then we forgive you that. You had been so loyal to Minnie for years, and well—a Mouse must be human, mustn't it? Besides, Greta Garbo would not want to be rescued from anything except herself. She can run her own life.

You have so much chivalry in your nature that it must find an outlet. And, fortunately for you, Minnie is always getting into trouble from which only you can save her.

"She is only a girl" is your attitude. "She cannot help it. A Mouse must help those who cannot help themselves."

We all dread one terrible day—when a cat might come into your life.

Well, as you have conquered all the rest of the world, all the countries and all the nations, and made all the grown-up people realise that they are all children inside, you will, I am sure, one day conquer even the wicked Cats. No doubt you would kill them with kindness.

"Come here, old fellow," you would say. "You may have sharp claws. But you have some good points. You may have fierce whiskers. But your fur is soft. Be matey."

And that would be the end of it.

Ah, my dear Mickey, we may laugh at you. Your antics may make us hold our sides lest they burst. But mixed up with our laughter is much of that love which is in your own big noble heart.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—"There appears to be nothing to prevent anybody holding himself out as being able to cure anything. The legislature offers no hindrance."

So said counsel in the case in which Lord Alfred Douglas was awarded **£400** against a man who professed to cure eye diseases by herbal treatment.

And that, also, is what I have been saying for years. Can you not find time for a Bill to end the mischief perpetrated by the unqualified "healers" of all kinds?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR NEVILLE,—On October 14 you are expected at Glasgow to speak on your "financial policy in the distressed areas."

Won't you find it difficult to account for something you haven't got?

JOHN BULL.

Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL: Back in Britain, you say you don't know what you'll do in future. Take a long rest—you've earned it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. WELLS,
London, N.W.1

DEAR MR. WELLS,—Determined to write only films in future and to learn all you can about their making, you are going to stay with Charlie Chaplin as "part of your education."

I admire the restless energy which prompts you, at the age of sixty-nine, to seek a new world to conquer, and it should prove a valuable asset to the British film industry. And if you can persuade Charlie to be as energetic as yourself we shall be still deeper in your debt.

JOHN BULL.

The TRAFFIC COMMISSIONERS

GENTLEMEN,—It is good news that you are to wage an intensive campaign against the rascally employers who overwork their lorry drivers and force them to falsify their time-sheets.

I am glad to stress the fact that you can guarantee absolute secrecy to any victim who fears reprisals should he denounce his employer to yourselves or the police.

And I hope you will quickly succeed in ending the scandal I have so frequently exposed.

JOHN BULL.

FRANCIS SPALDING,
Leamside, Co. Durham

MY LAD,—I think you must be the most stupidly selfish youth I've ever heard of. To sever a haulage rope at a colliery so that you might lay the pit idle and thus get a holiday is surely the limit of folly.

Take a lesson from the men who, by fighting an underground fire for twenty hours, saved a Consett pit from tragic idleness.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. GEORGE HENRY DYMOCK,
Bristol

DEAR VICAR,—For driving a car placarded with Fascist announcements, you have been fined 40s.

You claim that your object was not advertisement, but the desire to keep Britain out of war. You can hardly complain at the advertisement you have nevertheless received, nor grumble if your fellow-citizens chuckle at your discomfiture.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MABEL HOLMES,
Eltham, S.E.

DEAR MADAM,—You will never work again, you declare. Certainly you have no need to do so, having been left **£25,000** by your employer.

Though you have toiled all your life, you have always been sceptical of people who say they couldn't live without work. "I can—and shall," you assert.

But mind you don't work harder at your pleasures than at your old job. A lot of people do, you know.

JOHN BULL.

Messrs. LEVER BROTHERS,
Port Sunlight

GENTLEMEN,—In future, your great undertaking will no longer rely on private supplies of electricity but the national Grid system.

Each year you will use as much current as the towns of York, Aberdeen, Plymouth and Wimbledon combined!

That is a fine tribute to the efficiency of what has been termed "a modern miracle."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN McPHAIL,
East Lothian Public Committee

DEAR SIR,—Many of the tuberculosis patients who leave your sanatorium have to be readmitted because—in the opinion of the county medical officer, with whom you agree—the food allowances for discharged patients are quite inadequate.

Well, what is your committee going to do about it? Surely you, for one, won't allow this scandalous parsimony to continue without protest.

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Glasgow

GENTLEMEN,—I am glad you are considering a rule which would debar your employees from doing spare-time work.

People earning decent wages should not be allowed to filch jobs from the less fortunate.

JOHN BULL.

HAROLD GIMBLETT, Somerset: First knock in your first county match has won you Lawrence trophy and 100 guineas for season's fastest century. Bravo: do it again next year!—JOHN BULL.

Miss JOYCE WETHERED,
Boston, U.S.A.

DEAR JOYCE,—Before leaving Britain for your tour of exhibition golf, American critics said you were not worth the money you were to receive. Now, after breaking thirty-six women's records in the U.S.A. and Canada, you have been acclaimed over there as "the eighth wonder of the world."

Those critics must be feeling uncommonly small—and I know your fellow-players here are uncommonly proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

Says Christopher Stone

"Take my advice and buy a Bush!"

MODEL A.C.23. A set offering the utmost in tone volume and performance for a really popular price. Read this specification:—4-valve (including rectifier) A.C. receiver. Screened grid H.F., detector R.C. coupled to high slope pentode output delivering 3 watts undistorted to moving coil speaker. Special "Droitwich" wave-trap. Aerial input volume control. Provision for gramophone reproduction and remote speaker. Full vision tuning dial calibrated with station names.

2/6 *per week or cash* **8½ GNS.**

HERE is a photograph of the Bush Model A.C.23. I have listened to this receiver, tuning in to the B.B.C. and many foreign stations, and I can assure you that it gives an abundance of entertainment of first-class quality at good volume.

But what amazes me is the price of the set—8½ guineas. Yes, for a four-valve set, thoroughly up-to-date in design, with full vision tuning and, of course, made to the Bush standard of reliability, this price is amazing—no lesser word is adequate.

I emphasize the price because out of our seven million listeners there must be at least four million who are putting up with the very indifferent and often irritating performance of sets long past their prime.

Why not make certain of better radio entertainment by buying BUSH when a set of this class is obtainable for as little as

2/6 A WEEK

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Appointed agents arrange terms from 2/6d. a week.

Bush super-hets from £9.9.0 are sold only by appointed dealers on whom we know you can depend for reliable advice and service.

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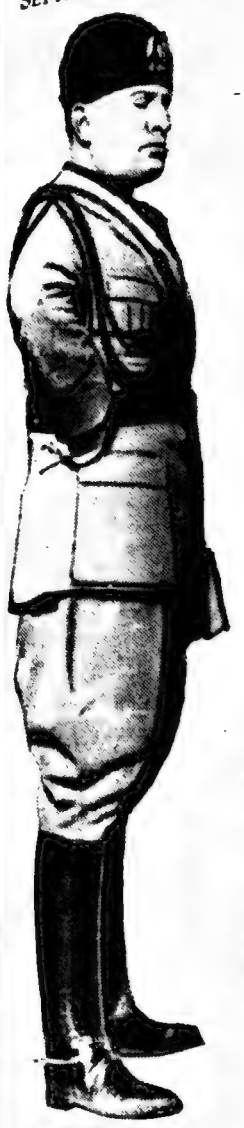
"Year in, Year out Reliability"

THE TWO NAPOLEONS

by A. G. GARDINER



If Napoleon Mussolini and Napoleon Hitler could join hands they might trample on European liberty. But they are kept apart by the bones of contention between them

WHILE the terrific drama which Mussolini has staged is moving to its crisis, we must not forget the rival swashbuckler across the Alps. He is not on in this scene, and like Brer Fox in the fable he is "layin' low and sayin' nuffin'."

But that does not mean that he has no part in the drama. He has a very big part, but he is not sure what it is. That will only be clear when he sees what happens to his fellow bravo.

If Mussolini's gamble comes off and the Parliamentary democracies of Europe "take the count" from the Italian dictator the question of which of the two dictators is to be the Napoleon of Europe will have to be faced.

If, instead, Mussolini "takes the count," and the League triumphs, he will have quite another problem to handle. He will have to decide whether he, too, will challenge the League for the dominion of Europe, or whether it will be wiser to make terms with it.

For the present he waits and watches events. He adopts the rôle of a disinterested spectator of a quarrel in which he takes no side. He has held his vast jamboree at Nuremburg, but, so far as anything that was said or done there is concerned, Europe might be revelling in a garden party instead of rocking to a first-class catastrophe. His accents were mild and dove-like, and, except on the subject of the Jews, he spoke as though butter would not melt in his mouth.

IF Mussolini were sitting out to conquer the mountains of the moon instead of the mountains of Abyssinia, Hitler could not have been more indifferent, and he was careful to say nothing that would hurt anybody's feelings—again excepting the Jews and the Russians who, to him, are the same thing.

Even more significant of his determination to keep out of this row was the blind eye he turned to the S O S from Rome. In his anger at the support which France gave to Britain on the subject of "sanctions," Mussolini committed a blazing indiscretion.

Through his new Ambassador at Berlin, who was presenting his credentials to Hitler, he made what could only be interpreted as a proposal for Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy to forget their disagreements and present a common front against Geneva and the democracies of Europe.

It was a crazy thing to do. It was intended to frighten France, but it only angered and shocked her, by showing how little reliance could be placed on treaties with a gangster. He strengthened the French conviction that if the choice was between Italy and England there was only one horse to back.

And, of course, it evoked no echoes from Berlin. Hitler was not walking into that trap. He was not going to burn his fingers with the League in order to pull Mussolini's chestnuts out of the fire.

That incident illustrates the fundamental weakness of the dictatorship. They do not and cannot trust each other.

In one respect, of course, Hitler and Mussolini are as like as the two Dromios. They stand for the gospel of violence and of personal power. They worship the abstraction of the State and to it sacrifice freedom in all its shapes—political, religious, social. The people are dumb, driven cattle at the mercy of a tyrant in whom all the authority of the State is vested.

THE States lives for one thing—the assertion of its national power against all rivals. In the pursuit of that power covenants, pacts, treaties are waste paper. Nothing counts but force. Might alone is right—equally against the citizen at home and the rival abroad. Through its force it controls, as Professor Grant Robertson says, "the souls, minds and bodies of every member of the State." By the force of this dragooned and terrorised mass it seeks to impose its despotism upon its neighbours.

And at the head of this monstrous abstraction of State power sits the gangster dictator—here a Hitler, there a Mussolini, and yonder a Stalin.

It is against this plunge back to barbarism and slavery that democratic Europe is at war to-day. War or Law, Force or Freedom, Tyranny or Representative Government—these are the issues at stake in the conflict between Mussolini and the League.

But while Hitler and Mussolini are indistinguishable in their policy and methods, they are fiercely hostile in their objectives.

They are bound to be. It is the essence of a dictatorship that it cannot tolerate a rival dictatorship. You cannot have two Napoleons living amicably side by side.

AND in this epic struggle of the League and the free democracies of Europe against the gospel of Force this inherent antagonism of the dictators should be a decisive factor.

If Napoleon Mussolini and Napoleon Hitler could join hands they might conceivably trample on what Mussolini calls "the decaying corpse of the Goddess of Liberty" throughout Europe. But they are kept apart not only by the nature of dictatorships to be mutually destructive: they are kept apart by the immediate bones of contention between them.

There is, for example, poor little Austria. It lies quivering between the wolf of the north and the wolf of the south. There is no ambition to which Hitler has committed himself so loudly as the absorption of Austria in the German Reich. It is a natural ambition, and Hitler's prestige depends on the fulfilment of it. But Mussolini has laid his paws on Austria, and the present Government of that country exists by grace of his protection.

It is one of the mysteries of the present crisis that Mussolini, with such a vast commitment on his hands at home, should have chosen this moment for his African adventure. The generally accepted explanation is that he believes Hitler will not be ready to raise the Austria issue by force for some years, and that this breathing space is Italy's opportunity to jump the claim in Abyssinia.

Apparently he calculates that he will have his triumphant legions back from Africa in time to put the fear of God into Hitler, or, in the other event, to fight him in the mountains and valleys of the Tyrol.

It is a reckless gamble, but everything about this swashbuckler is a reckless gamble. Perhaps his gesture to Hitler meant that he would be willing to give him a free hand in Austria if Germany would back Italy against the League in Abyssinia. Anything is possible with so impetuous a spirit.

In any case Hitler is not going to take a hand in the quarrel. Whether Mussolini wins or loses Hitler will be in no worse case. If Mussolini breaks the League he will shed no tears. He does not want the League and he does want Austria, and the deeper Mussolini gets bogged in Abyssinia the less he is to be feared in the Alps.

SHOULD the League bring Mussolini to his knees, on the other hand, Austria will fall like a ripe plum into the lap of Germany. And with a victorious League Hitler mght find it advisable to trim his sails and make terms with the free democratic States of Europe.

Anything is possible, and for the moment he keeps his own counsel and waits to see what happens to the rival Napoleon on the other side of the Alps.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Husbands Don't Matter

FAR too long the roost's been ruled.
Too long has the world been fooled
By the quaint belief that Man
Figures in Ma Nature's plan
As her best attempt to date!
Kill the lie, ere it's too late!
Woman, in our hours of ease,
May be coy and hard to please,
But this simple fact remains:
She's possessed of better brains,
Riper wisdom than one can
Ever hope to find in man!
Lo! at last the truth's been told
By an expert brave and bold:
Man's of very little use,
Half an ass and half a goose;
Man's a bluff and man's a fake,
Man is Nature's worst mistake!

When Adam turned over a new fig-leaf and decided that there was room only for one boss in the Garden, Eve, aided by the wisdom of the Serpent, saw no harm in allowing the poor sap to think that he was the Duce of the domestic realm. And for centuries her descendants have acquiesced in the tarradiddle that the hand that wields the razor rules the roost.

Of late years, however, the idea has, so to speak, been more honoured in the breeches than the observance. While ostensibly treating man as though he were the top o' the morning, the cat's whiskers and the lobster's shirt-front, woman has secretly told herself, "I'm a better man than you are, Gunga Din."

As women's secrets are notoriously worthless, this didn't much matter. But now her thoughts have been put into words—not by a member of her own sex, but by a traitor in trousers.

The said renegade is Mr. Dunstan Brewer, Swindon's Medical Officer of Health, who announces: "Women are slightly superior in intelligence and much superior in wisdom to men."

This, of course, must be obvious to anyone who observes hordes of husbands toddling off to put in eight hours' bread-winning while members of the wiser sex debate the relative attractions of a day's shopping or an orgy at the kinema.

But women will not thank Mr. Brewer for thus giving the show away—which, maybe, is why Mrs. Brewer, when interviewed, hastened to describe her husband's views as "ridiculous."

If Mr. Brewer's views are ridiculous, his advice is positively sinister. "Don't try to dictate to your husbands in things that don't matter," he tells members of the brainier sex, "but make sure that you rule in everything that does."

Make quite a fuss of him, fondle and flatter,
Lend a meek ear to his masculine patter,
Give him his way,
Always obey—
Always provided the point doesn't matter!

Ne'er on his wisdom (in minor things) cast a
Doubt, but to major points stick like a plaster;
Make it quite plain
You have a brain
Better than his—and you mean to be master!

Males will not guess your submission's a swindle;
Though they imagine your worship they kindle,
You're the Big Noise!
Boys will be boys,
But, when they're men, into husbands they dwindle!

C.C.481.

as the taxi-man said to his fare–

'BETTER
BUY CAPSTAN.

they're blended better

– they're Wills's!

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES. 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

Dancing BLONDE'S 'Double'

MOST people have expressed both sorrow and indignation over the unfortunate ordeal to which the pretty blonde dancer, Lily Torkington, was subjected the other day at the hands of the police.

It will be recalled that Miss Torkington was visited in a provincial town, where she was engaged at a local theatre by police officers and told that she answered the description of a blonde adventuress who was "wanted" on various charges of fraud in different parts of the country.

Before she was able to vindicate herself and get the monstrous charge against her withdrawn with Home Office apologies, she had spent two nights in a cell, been escorted 200 miles to London in the custody of police matrons, driven about in a Black Maria, and placed in the dock to answer a criminal charge of which she was perfectly innocent.

Behind her wrongful arrest lies an amazing story. Touring the country is her "double," a woman as pretty as she is herself, with sparkling eyes and blonde hair and a striking combination of vivacity and charm. JOHN BULL has made it its business to find out all about this other woman, what she is doing, how she is living and with whom she is working.

Many names

Miss Torkington's "double," we can reveal, is under the spell of a confirmed scoundrel who is the real villain of the piece. He has been living by his wits for years.

This man traverses the country from one end to another posing, mostly, as an estate agent. He talks convincingly of the big property deals he is always bringing off, and possesses such a plausible personality that he rarely finds a victim who does not fall for his stories.

His real name is believed to be Alfred Stone, but among the numerous aliases he has latterly used freely are those of William Bishop, George Bull and William Lester.

He is regarded by the police as a mystery man, with an almost uncanny ability for finding out the most personal and confidential things about people in the briefest space of time.

A typical instance of his roguery is when he arrived at the house of a man who badly needed a bigger and better establishment. The man had been secretly negotiating with a relative to rent on a tenancy agreement a nicely appointed and not too expensive house in a London suburb.

By some means known only to himself Stone, who in this instance called himself "Mr. Lester," made the time of his unsolicited visit coincide with the fact that the man was miles away on business. Only his wife was in the house when "Mr. Lester" called.

He told the unsuspecting woman that he was the senior partner of a firm of well-established estate agents, and appeared from the conversation which followed to know all about the absent husband's transactions with the relative in question about the suburban house. He intimated that he was so keen on business that he personally dealt wherever possible with every commission which reached his firm and stated that the object of his visit was to satisfy himself, "on the spot," that the enquiring tenants were of a type suitable to him.

The woman, taken so completely by surprise, and not knowing whether her husband had been in touch with "Mr. Lester's" alleged estate agency, swallowed his story fully, particularly as her charming caller obviously knew so much about their private affairs.

At this point the mysterious "Mr. Lester" played his trump card. The outgoing tenant was willing to leave the house once all necessary arrangements had been made provided the new occupier would agree to purchase certain articles of furniture, linoleum, fittings, etc., to the value of £23.

This sum, "Mr. Lester" asserted with a smile, must be paid there and then, otherwise he would have to go to the next enquirer on his list.

Miss Lily Torkington, victim of an astounding case of mistaken identity

A photograph

The woman, desperate to get the house about which her insistent visitor possessed so many details, raised the £23 demanded, and "Mr. Lester" departed to obtain the key and complete other necessary formalities. Of course, when her husband came home he realised at once that the whole thing was a clever swindle and went to the police.

His doubts were more than confirmed there, for he was shown the photograph of the charming fellow who had visited his wife as being that of one of the most impudent impostors at large.

Alfred Stone, as we prefer to call this rogue, was not assisted by his blonde and beautiful companion in this particular "deal." The lady whose appearance caused Miss Torkington so much distress does not always figure in the mysterious "Mr. Lester's" operations.

Elsewhere, a week or so ago, she turned up with him at the house of a woman who had applied through several possible sources for a suitable residence that was more in keeping with her requirements than the one in which she was then living.

Stone, who is tall, full-faced, clean-shaven, moderately handsome, well-spoken, admirably groomed, with magnetic eyes and beautiful teeth, again showed his miraculous knowledge of the family's private interests.

He produced a list of houses which he said his firm had on its books, and, going at length into details concerning those he knew would be most suitable to the woman he proposed to rob, intimated that he could "arrange" things without any difficulty.

Once more there was the question of certain articles of furniture, and other odd things, which had to be purchased from the outgoing occupier before the keys could be handed over, and in the end the woman handed over something like £14 10s.

To this day she is still waiting for the house and, in fact, for the key which (once her money had been parted with) the philanthropic "Mr. Stone" drove off with his blonde partner to collect!

The egregious Stone and his beautiful platinum-blonde friend just vanished—as they have done so often.

That Stone has accomplices to assist him in gathering the vital and incredibly accurate information about his intended victims is a fact which cannot be doubted.

One of his scores of victims is a woman who applied to a local agency for a house. Stone very soon knew all about it! He descended upon the woman one day and actually stated that her enquiry had come to him more or less officially, and that he could help her to get into a new and modern residence at once so long as she was willing to buy up certain furniture which the owner, who was willing to let it, as he was leaving for a long business trip abroad, insisted upon selling.

Thus another of his many coups was effected.

Distressing indeed are some of the stories we have investigated. One poor woman, crowded into unwarrantable space owing to the housing shortage, believed so implicitly in his stories that she went so far as to go to a moneylender she knew to raise the necessary £25 Stone wanted for the ostensible purpose of fixing her up at once.

Amazing record

Since she discovered that her handsome, frank-faced "estate agent" benefactor was an accomplished scoundrel with a host of victims everywhere, she has had to come to an arrangement with the moneylender to pay back her loan at the rate of 5s. a week!

In scores of cases, in which the sums involved vary from £7 to £19, £21 to £40, £49 to £60, and so on, precisely the same sort of thing has happened.

To get rid of clients who, after parting with money, have insisted on viewing the promised premises, Stone has sometimes left them sitting in taxis, or outside offices which have back and front entrances, through which he has just calmly walked; or at street corners; or outside genuine estate agencies, wherein he has gone to "pick up the key"; or by decoying them to buildings where mythical appointments have been made at which he has not turned up!

He has sometimes defrauded upwards of one hundred people in the space of a single month.

Well, a warrant is now in existence for the beautiful blonde who has figured in some of his transactions, while scores are out for his arrest in one or another of his various names. We hope he will soon be rounded up before any other innocent person, like Lily Torkington, is subjected to a similar unnerving ordeal.

The Girl they Should Arrest

Stone has a very black record, we find. He has been to jail for various offences, which include theft, fraud, office-breaking and false pretences.

Not long ago he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. The initial charges against him only involved a matter of £50, and he pleaded guilty. Nevertheless, no fewer than ninety-seven other cases, in all parts of the country, were "taken into consideration" against him when sentence of twenty months' hard labour was passed.

Even his plausible tongue touched the judge, for Sir Holman Gregory, who sentenced him, said he hoped somebody would lend him a hand to start to lead an honest life when he came out!

Stone has shown how he deserved such leniency by plunging into an orgy of crime almost from the moment he was free again. And he has merited the heaviest possible punishment, not only by duping people so heartlessly, but by incriminating the platinum-blonde, who—the "double" of poor Miss Torkington—must now herself face the dock when police hands are laid upon her.

MAKE MONEY & PLEASANT FRIENDSHIPS

in a happy and dignified way— without capital, without worry

An Organiser of Littlewood Clubs says:-

"HOW did I first become an Organiser of Littlewood Clubs? Well, they sent me an illustrated folder—and it looked to me there might be something in this Thrifty Shilling Club idea. I couldn't do any harm to look into it. So I wrote for the Catalogue and Outfit.

WHAT HE RECEIVED

"What they sent me was an eye-opener! The Catalogue alone weighed a pound and a half—320 pages jammed full with goods of every kind; splendid illustrations in colours; and the goods looked to me like real bargains. They were backed by a money-back Guarantee which assured me my friends would get complete satisfaction.

"But I'm not much of a hand at buying things for the house, so I asked Mother, who knows what's what; and my elder Sister, who runs a home, a husband and a baby like clockwork, to tell me what *they* thought.

"Sister said: 'I'll be a Member. There are tons of things in that Catalogue I've been wanting but thought I couldn't afford. And I'll get some of my friends to join, too.'

Mother said: 'You can easily do it; I'm sure I can bring in some Members.'

"Littlewood's also sent me their Complete Outfit for forming and running a Club. All the forms and stationery I'd be likely to need—all printed with my own name and address.

"But I still had a kind of doubt. How could I get 20 people to join my Club? I didn't want to 'canvass' strangers."

THE DOUBT REMOVED

"Littlewood's told me the right way—**to show the Catalogue first to family and friends and workmates. There's no difficulty about approaching them.**

"From there on, it went swimmingly. One friend introduced me to another friend. I soon had my 20 Members. And the Club ran very happily, because the goods were exactly as Littlewood's had described and illustrated them. My Members were all pleased and well satisfied. **In fact, the goods from Littlewood's did me credit with my friends.**

WHAT HE GETS

"Now, as to the money in it. It amounts, with Commission and Bonus, to £2 for each Club, and extras from time to time. But I get A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN THE MONEY. I now meet people in a nice, friendly way, whom I had never met before. I am made welcome in a lot more houses than I used to be.

"**The Members of my Club, I can say, 'look up to me.' They trust me with their money, they ask my advice about which goods they ought to buy; and I'll say they respect me as a fellow who knows how to run things.**

"Littlewood's have a word for this. They call it being a 'LEADER.' That's true.

HOW IT HELPS HIM

"I feel better for running my Littlewood Clubs—more sure of myself. It has helped me to meet strangers without awkwardness; to get on with people much better than I used to do. I'm sure it's going to help me, too, with my job at the Works.

"As to Littlewood's, I can tell you they're straight, they're square. They're a right good firm to work with. I'm proud to be an Organiser of Littlewood Clubs."

• • •

John Moores says:—

"It isn't every man or woman who is fitted to be an Organiser of Littlewood Clubs. I do not invite all and sundry to be Organisers. I am always looking for the man and woman a little above friends and workmates in energy and initiative, and in the wish to be a Leader.

"If you are that man, or that woman, post me the Coupon below."

John Moores
Managing Director

FREE COUPON

Please answer these questions:—Are you energetic?..... Have you a circle of (say) 10 or 12 friends?..... Do you think you would be able to go round amongst friends and organise them into a 20-week Club?.....

I am over 21 years of age.

Please send me, FREE, your 368-page Wonder Catalogue (value 4/-); Complete Outfit, printed with my name and address; Hints on Forming a Club; and particulars of Commission and Bonuses.

JB 10/M.R

Name in full.....
(Please state if Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

Address.....

..... *County*.....

POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE 2d STAMP TO

LITTLEWOOD'S MAIL ORDER STORES LTD
OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3

DIRECTORS: J. MOORES, CECIL MOORES

THE 'Human Switch' EXPOSED

THERE has been operating in London for some considerable time a remarkable personality who is known to some of his more intimate associates by the extraordinary nickname of "The Human Switch." His activities relate mostly, it seems, to schemes for financing novelties and devices invented by himself for advertising purposes.

During the past two years he has run offices in the West End of London through the medium of a private financial concern he has lately controlled called the Foreign and Colonial Development Syndicate.

Of this concern he is the leading light.

"The Human Switch" has been known by many different names, which include those of Albert Michael Joseph Levi, Albert Joseph Levay, "Doctor" Levay, and Albert Jean Le Vaye.

Secret show

Under the auspices of his syndicate he has latterly formed one or two private companies through which he has sought to interest people financially in his schemse.

At an office in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, London, he gave a secret demonstration some time ago to a few selected guests, who were told that the "Doctor" was perfecting a small but highly attractive invention which he averred would be a great boon to shopkeepers in a small way of business.

Apparently the new novelty was to be worked by electricity, and was designed in the nature of a "Robot" assistant.

For reasons which are best known to himself, "Doctor" Levay was very careful as to whom he invited to this interesting little affair, which mostly included men who were likely to become financially interested in the scheme.

So far, apart from the engaging stories "Doctor" Levay tells about his latest inventions, nothing further of any great significance has materialised, and those who have supported him with money have long since realised that the "Doctor's" Robot is as far away from being a commercial proposition as ever.

Oracles

The particular invention Levay has been extolling during the past year or so is actually called the "Human Switch."

It is apparently a form of mechanical device which, according to him, has the greatest possibilities for money-making in the near future if properly exploited.

To some people Levay has stated that this remarkable contraption possesses an advertising value second to none. For the "Human Switch" can work all kinds of oracles under the understanding guidance of "Dr." Levay.

One of the claims put forward for it is that, if it is posted in a certain part of a room in which all the blinds are drawn, and from which all natural light has been excluded, it can mechanically flood the apartment with brilliant rays at any moment.

This, says "Dr." Levay, is done merely by a person *entering* the darkened room. The moment the door is opened, and the feet of the incoming person touched a spring hidden beneath the floor, the "Human Switch" works and throws forth a radiance which is startling in its effect.

Many people may well wonder what advantage this development may have over the ordinary switch which, by the mere touch of a finger as one is entering a room, gives the electric light necessary! But the "Human Switch" does not stop there!

Levay has told some people that the "Human Switch" machine has caught such a popular fancy that, even before manufacture had been started at all seriously, he had something like ten thousand men and women shopkeepers on his list who intended to buy it.

And as he proposed to market this supernatural venture at something like thirty pounds a piece, at least £100,000 or so was earmarked as "takings" on the orders in hand, and thus the marketing of the proposition would yield profits pretty quickly almost from the moment the scheme got going!

Well, a provincial investor grew interested in the mechanical "Human Switch," and invested heavily in a company which Levay formed to exploit it.

He is still waiting for the handsome profits he anticipated. None, so far, have come his way.

He originally believed, as many others have done, that "Dr." Levay was himself the inventor of the "Human Switch." But he has since had cause to adjust his opinion in this respect.

This product of a brilliant mechanic was one of the first robots made—but some of the projects of Dr. Levay have not proved so successful

For, an Austrian inventor has in the meantime intimated that he was the actual originator, and that "Dr." Levay had nothing more to do with it than try to find a market for it in this country.

When the provincial investor discovered that progress was not being made at all as satisfactorily as he had hoped, he asked for a little "security" to be given him in respect of the money he had invested.

To his dismay he learned in due course that little existed—apart from the mechanical copy of the "Human Switch" which was used for experimental and demonstration purposes—and that the company in which he had sunk his money showed no imminent signs of financial success, or, indeed, any possible financial achievement for many a long day.

Several other people, who have "backed" this many-named mystic's various projects have similarly discovered that they have not become the great successes he has claimed for them, and are still waiting for some return for the money they have handed over to Levay in one or another of his commercial guises.

He may, admittedly, be quite a good inventor—and an equally good spokesman.

But that all he says should not be taken at its surface value is clear from the foregoing facts, and from others with which we now propose to deal.

In his syndicate venture, as in others which have come to our notice concerning which Levay has been the presiding genius, he has been fortunate in getting in touch with young men of good family connections and offered them little tempting sums of money in return for the use of their names to back his fund-raising ventures.

His real name is Levi, and he has had a remarkable career. Not long ago he was associated with a venture for marketing a photographic process which he claimed was destined to become a huge success for those who supported him financially.

"Cousin Bertie"

Some time ago Levay achieved considerable prominence in the West End of London.

At that time he was in residence in a luxurious flat, which he also used as a studio, in a street off a famous London Square.

In this establishment he showed his adaptability as an electrical genius by having the walls made sound-proof and by transforming the ceiling of the main apartment into a coloured panorama of gorgeous sky, with a myriad of stars twinkling periodically for the pleasure of his guests.

The imitation "stars" were worked by some ingenious contrivance effected with superb cleverness by the "Human Switch," and brought him much praise.

The hilarity of the parties he gave in his sound-proof studio, however, brought him anything but praise from complaining neighbours. Levay was known as plain "Cousin Bertie" then, and was advertised as such in the telephone book.

After he left this flat he floated for a time on the fringe of the theatrical world, and then went upon a private mission to South America, where he had numerous adventures.

It is to his self-praised inventions that Levay has latterly been giving such devoted attention.

We counsel any investors who are approached by Levay in the future to exercise the fullest caution when listening to the rosy stories he can tell so well.

A One-Man "National" Scheme

THE latest grand-scale scheme for the protection and organisation of the retail trader is one called the National Association of Retailers Movement, promoted with offices at 50, Beaufort Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and claiming to have branches in London, Glasgow and Manchester.

Using an abbreviation of its full title, with an anchor for a crest, this concern is actively circularising small shopkeepers in the midland counties urging them to become members without delay.

It boasts that it has a remedy for "cut-price" competition, and for the competition afforded by multiple stores and the like, and also for the difficulties many traders experience in paying out 20s. in the £1.

According to one widely distributed leaflet, it has an all-round knowledge and a "National" experience at its disposal, and is prepared to put thousands of shopkeepers on the high road to success.

To those willing to sign its membership form, it goes so far as to guarantee a hundred per cent. better results. Its expert staff is ready to sift every detail and afford practical information on divers subjects.

Not the least among the advantages held forth by the N.A.R.M.—as it calls itself—is an invitation to partake in an annual advertising campaign the like of which would in normal circumstances cost the trader from £20 to as much as £50.

It is prepared to collect bad debts, and to champion the cause of the small trader both in the local council chamber and in Parliament. There is scarcely a limit to the self-imposed duties it will set out to perform.

The collection of subscriptions is the first consideration of the "N.A.R.M." One of our readers, a confectioner in Coventry, paid 10s. 6d.. to the N.A.R.M. some months ago, but has heard nothing further.

The experts have neither called, nor have book-keeping, income-tax or other problems received attention.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Enquiry in Birmingham reveals that the National Association of Retailers Movement has no real status. Its headquarters "office" is merely the private address of the secretary, Mr. Sidney Ransom, whose financial record is not inspiring and who has not so far taken the trouble to register his precious "National" movement.

In these circumstances we can only urge our readers who are shopkeepers to seek for much more explicit information before parting with any fees to this queer new enterprise.

Afrikander SHAG

8D AN OZ

In ½ and 1 oz. packets

also MIXTURE *or* FLAKE

"IT SAVES & SATISFIES"

Shags may come and shags may go, but Afrikander goes on—for ever cool and smooth and 100% satisfying.

270,000 square feet of Lancashire are covered now by the finest, most lavishly fitted-out radio factory in Europe: the new Ferranti works at Manchester. A really remarkable range of sets has been produced, starting at 8½ gns., ending at 52 gns. (The Ferranti Nova, shown here, costs 11 gns.) They can be seen and tried any day now, at your dealer's. It is not for us to sing their praises; we may safely leave that to the dealer. We will content ourselves by saying that all Ferranti sets are easy to handle, good to look at, and as reliable as master engineering can make them. Not for nothing does the name "Ferranti" appear on so much of the world's most wonderful electrical apparatus. If you would like a catalogue before you see your dealer, write to Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Lancs., or Bush House, London.

FERRANTI

masters of power..

The Ferranti Nova Consolette, price 11 gns. or on deferred terms. An A.C. superhet, of entirely new design. Beautiful bakelite cabinet, either jet black or walnut brown with ivory inlay. Powerful 2½-watt pentode output, Ferranti moving coil speaker, one knob tuning, continuously variable tone control, Automatic Volume Control, illuminated "All-in" dial with station names, wavelengths, and visual indicators for wave-band volume and tone.

"JOHN BULL'S" THIRD NATIONAL WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST.

Record Must-be-Won First Prize

£1,000

And over 1,000 Cash and other Awards

See article on page 36 and send for Entry Form to-day

CUT HERE

To THE MANAGER, "John Bull" National Window Display Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enter my name as a competitor in "JOHN BULL'S" National Window Display Contest and send me by return FREE ENTRY FORM and Contest Outfit enabling me to compete.

Name.....

Full Title and Address of Shop.....

.....

Nature of Business..... Date.....

Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp J.B. 28/9/35.

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

AN OLD HAND *with a new* HANDSHAKE..

Young men seeking business openings would do well to give "Dr." Brook a wide berth

Dangerous 'Dr.' Brook

A MAN with strange claims is the central figure in my article this week. His name is George Stratton Brook, with business offices in Baker Street, London, and a private residence in a block of Bloomsbury flats. George Stratton Brook carries letters after his name—Ph.D.—and commonly passes as "Dr." Brook.

Before I deal with George Stratton Brook and his commercial activities let me tell, as a matter of interest, something of the professions he makes as a "business psychologist." He maintains that he can tell how much a person is worth in the way of salary by the manner in which he shakes hands.

Here is a quotation from a newspaper article which Brook used formerly for self-advertisement:—"I saw Mr. Brook shake hands with half a dozen men seated in the waiting-room of his offices, and without speaking to one of them he was able to tell me what each man did for a living and whether he was a success or failure. The men, when they outlined their careers, confirmed everything said by Mr. Brook."

"£1,000 wizard"

And it was because of this handshaking diagnosis that George Stratton Brook was first introduced to the readers of JOHN BULL more than a year ago under the title of "The £1,000 Handshake Wizard." When that article was published Brook had been extracting fees from members of the public as an employment agent.

Since then Brook has turned his abilities in another direction, and in view of the information now before me I make no apology for giving him a little further publicity.

He has become a firm of "financial consultants" calling himself "Strattons," and registered at the Business Names' Department, Kingsway, to specialise in partnerships and mortgages. Incidentally, the particulars filed at the Department registry are not complete, for they place "Strattons" at an old address in John Street, W.C., and not at the present office in Baker Street, W.

From the evidence before me relating to Brook, he is scarcely a consultant to be recommended.

I will quote the case of a young man who was anxious to acquire a share in a profitable business, and in answer to an advertisement placed his affairs in the hands of "Strattons."

An earnest recommendation was given him to invest £500 in a garage company, and, on assurances that everything was quite satisfactory, he paid to "Strattons" a first instalment of £50, which, according to the official receipt, was "deposit money as good faith with view to purchasing £500 £1 ordinary shares in the —— Garages, Ltd., subject to facts and figures given verbally being correct."

Now quite obviously George Brook was not sound in his facts about the garage, because *at the time he accepted the* £50 from his unfortunate client the proprietor of the garage was in the process of passing through the Bankruptcy Court, as the business had been too great a strain on his financial resources.

Of course, George Brook, otherwise "Strattons," might have acted in innocent ignorance.

Investors lured

Yet a straightforward "financial consultant," when the position was made clear to him, would have returned immediately the £50 deposit. And that is exactly what George Brook *did not do*.

Despite constant applications for a refund, the client is still minus his £50, which had been advanced him by his father.

Without scruple, George Brook endeavours to lure investors. He has a delicate, insinuating touch, as witness the following letter, despatched a few days ago to an advertiser in a national newspaper.

The letter-paper bears the heading:—"Strattons. Principal: G. Stratton Brook, Ph.D., F.C.I. Finance, Mortgages, Partnerships, Company Formations," and the text reads:—

"Dr. Stratton Brook presents his compliments to the advertisers under Box —— of the ——, and would suggest an interview since we are evidently quite near to each other. Please write or telephone this office."

It is interesting to note that "Dr." Stratton Brook has added company formations to his practice, for I happen to know a great deal about certain companies with which he has been unsuccessfully associated.

One of them was George Brook, Ltd., established in 1930, with objects, among others, to carry on business as "appointment specialists and to train persons in the science and art of salesmanship."

That company is now in disastrous liquidation, and a number of persons lost heavily through its operations.

Recently the liquidator returned his final report on the affairs of the company, which makes it plain that the administration of George Brook, Ltd., of which our "Dr." G. Stratton Brook was the founder and managing director, was anything but regular.

The report of the liquidator is remarkable for its blunt language reflecting on the control of the company.

Record is made of interviews with investors, who feel that they have a very special grievance because they lost heavily through their dealings with the concern.

Big losses

Important books which the liquidator needed to assist his investigations were unobtainable by him, and the suggestion is offered that some of these were purposely destroyed.

Total losses in the company ran to several thousands of pounds, and the liquidator hints that George Brook and others of the officers must bear the responsibility for the manner in which investors suffered.

Really the liquidator in his report frames an exceedingly trenchant criticism of the company, which George Brook most certainly ought to be made to answer.

Although the authorised capital of George Brook, Ltd., was only £2,000 in £1 shares, shares to the total of £2,450 were actually issued.

Going through the accounts drawn up by the liquidator, it appears that five people were persuaded to invest money to the extent of £1,350.

"These persons," states the report, "were induced to make their investments on the understanding that they held appointments of monetary value with the company. Needless to say, these appointments only lasted a few months in each case."

Another suggestion is that in the balance sheets of the company items of assets bore a fictitious value.

Generally, the affairs of George Brook, Ltd., with "Dr." G. Stratton Brook as its managing director, were in a hopeless tangle when the concern went into liquidation.

One of the past ambitious ventures of which Brook was a sponsor was a company called the "Incorporated Slate and Loan Clubs Protection Association, Ltd."

Dissolved

This was started: "To encourage and promote the practice of thrift, and the membership of slate and loan clubs; to promote the efficient conduct of the said clubs and to safeguard the moneys therein."

Brook was the president of this organisation, but—fortunately for loan and slate clubs—the scheme of George Brook and his associates to safeguard them and their moneys did not receive adequate public support and the company was dissolved during this year.

Really it is ironic that Brook with his business and financial record had the temerity to come forward as a protector against the possibility of a defaulting slate club secretary.

But meanwhile George Brook continues under the guise of "Strattons," of 29, Baker Street, London, and therefore I give this further disclosure to prevent members of the public becoming his victims.

It Depends Upon Ourselves

"TROUBLES come swifter than the things we want," said a wise philosopher more than two thousand years ago; yet is it a consolation that our greatest pleasures are usually derived from the misfortunes we endure.

It depends upon ourselves to a great extent, and you might take for an example a Scottish reader who dwells in Upper Tarrymount, by Clochan, in Banffshire, who was visited by a quite unexpected stroke of ill fortune only the other day.

Our reader lived in a stone cottage with slated roof in the beautiful Glen of Newmill, a remote district in the neighbourhood of Keith.

Certainly not the kind of place where you'd expect to meet with sudden and overwhelming trouble. Two rooms occupied by a man, his wife, and a son aged five years, who at the critical moment had retired, so that they were all fast asleep in their beds.

A bundle of firewood was on the hearth in readiness for the morning: the last thing our reader did before going to bed was to raise a bucket of water from the well for household requirements.

But in the night he was aroused by his wife to find the rooms filled with smoke, and the flames crackling in the living-room. There was no time in which to salve precious belongings from the blazing inferno.

Clad in night attire, the little household escaped through a window and took refuge in an outbuilding hard by. The fire brigade was summoned, but with miles to travel through the night it arrived too late to save the cottage.

* * *

Thus in the space of an hour everything our reader had possessed had vanished: the main furnishing of his home, the womanly little things, the sentimental and minor things—all he had owned. Disaster, when it comes, is like that, of course. It leaves us nothing but disquiet and grief.

The Scot was a registered reader, and so we were able to afford him compensation for the loss he sustained. "Thanks for your cheque . . . a generous settlement," he writes. "Without any quibble . . . my grateful appreciation."

And that should be something for you to think about when you turn to page 5 for the coupon you will find.

10 MINUTES TO GO

— so Mine's a Minor!

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POCKET-TIN

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This fine De Reszke leaf is too good to waste. That's why so many people are regularly smoking D.R. Minors. They keep their large De Reszkes for the more leisured occasions: but for the ten-minute intervals they favour the blissful brief-time smoke.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

De Reszke MINORS

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

5 FOR 2D 10 FOR 4D 15 FOR 6D 20 FOR 8D 60 FOR 2/- FLAT TINS

A Racket in TIN-PAN ALLEY

The novice lyric writer has visions of his work being played by dance bands throughout the country. But he must beware of the racketeering publisher

THERE is every indication that the great song-publishing ramp is again raising its hoary head, and victims are being found with monotonous regularity among the ranks of unsuspecting aspirants to lyric-writing fame.

From many parts of the country come complaints from readers who have had unfortunate dealings with firms who trade as "music publishers," but who are clearly practising a definite fee-snatching racket.

Some of these readers, who have written lyrics, have been persuaded to submit their work for musical setting and publication, and the result in nearly every case has been ultimate disillusion.

The fact of the matter is that the vanity of the writer of the most banal lyric can be tickled by a flattering reference to his verses as being "worthy of a suitable musical setting." This is the usual preliminary to the extraction of fees which range from three guineas upwards, according to the means and gullibility of the victim.

Heart—and Pocket

The following are specimens of advertisements which appear with unfailing regularity in various periodicals:

"Song poems wanted. Songs and musical compositions also considered for publication. Send MSS."

"Song poems wanted. Successful composer invites authors to submit lyrics."

Such advertisements go straight to the hearts, and eventually the pockets, of amateur lyric-writers, who are enthusiastic about the possibility of having their verses set to music.

In response to such bait the writer of lyrics submits a few of his choicest specimens to the advertisers. A few days later he receives a letter in flattering terms saying that one or more of his lyrics is suitable for a musical setting and should prove a popular success.

A reader living at Norwich submitted some of his work to a composer who had advertised originally under cover of a box number.

In return he received the usual flattering letter saying, "I am particularly impressed with your lyric entitled 'Travellers,' and have no hesitation in saying that I could pioneer this to success!

After outlining the brilliant prospects ahead for the poet, the writer continued:

"Owing to the originality of your work and the confidence I have in its commercial possibilities, it would be my pleasure to compose this lyric for a fee of three guineas, this being your one and only financial obligation."

The three guineas were paid and the musical setting duly arrived. Then came the further kind offer from the composer that he would publish the song.

"I would like to publish it and print a slip announcing the song to be by a new author," etc., and then follows the demand for ten guineas for printing and circulating the song.

Luckily in this instance the reader, realising that he had thrown three guineas away, refused to risk another ten guineas.

Our post-bag brings evidence that a number of firms are plundering innocent lyric writers.

The most ordinary and amateurish lyrics will receive praise from the directors of these concerns, who then, out of kindness of heart, put the unsuspecting lyric-writer in touch with a professional composer. The latter, of course, is willing to set the lyric for a fee ranging from three to five guineas.

Worthless

Too many aspirants to fame part with good money to these fee-snatching experts in the hope that their lyrics will be published and prove a popular success.

The experience of a woman reader is worth mentioning. She had hoped to add to her small income by writing songs, and was interested to receive a circular from a firm of music publishers offering £10 for the copyright of songs She submitted three lyrics, one of which was specially commended by the firm, who kindly suggested a composer.

He was paid £5 for what proved to be a worthless composition. Soon afterwards this composer "departed for the United States," and another composer carried on, on behalf of the departed one.

Eventually this poor woman was put in touch with the firm that had originally found merit in her lyric and suggested a composer, and they now offered to publish the song for £15.

This ramp runs full circle, and the victims are many.

A Belfast reader is another who has suffered at the hands of the song racketeers. He has paid nine guineas to a firm of music publishers for the publication of his song "I'm a Failure with Love." He also has to pay the composer five guineas for the musical setting of another song, this composer promising to place it before leading publishers.

These firms demanding advance payment before publishing, the lyric-writer in question now realises that he has been skinned by the composer, who now passes him on to the publishers for further trimming.

Waiting, hoping

We have information that composers have been paid at the rate of three shillings each for the musical settings of lyrics whose authors have paid five guineas for this work.

Clearly there is money in song-writing, but not for the verse-writers who so easily part with money in the hope of their songs being published and proving popular successes.

The lyric-writer waits hopefully for the enormous royalties which seldom, if ever, materialise. If he voices his dissatisfaction, his "publisher" will become sympathetic—"your song seemed certain of gigantic success, but public taste is so fickle, etc. Why not try again?"

Then, if the plucked pigeon is not prepared to hand over more money in a try again effort, well, these music publishers will find more versifiers prepared to pay five guineas to a composer for setting their lyrics.

And the publishers will again be ready to launch another "popular song success," provided they can extract more money from the victim.

So this great song-writing racket goes on, claiming victims in all parts of the kingdom. We warn our readers to ignore these song-publishing offers They are a snare and a delusion.

Aircraft Products, Ltd.

We have been asked to say that the above company, of 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, is in no way connected or interested in the scheme of Mr. David S. Cecil or the Dayben Advertising Company, of the same address, which was the subject of the article headed "He Wants to be the B.B.C.!" published in JOHN BULL dated September 14.

CHILD'S DEATH MYSTERY

AN unfortunate case of blundering officialdom which has resulted in unnecessary pain for parents of an eighteen-months-old baby, whose death was not made known to his father and mother until sixteen months afterwards, has just been brought to our notice.

The father, Mr. C. Hill, of Tillet Place, Tilbury, Essex, was living at Southampton in 1932, when his wife had a serious nervous breakdown. Because of this, his baby son, Albert John, was placed in the St. Mary's Institution, at Southampton.

* * *

Owing to unemployment, the search for work compelled Mr. Hill to leave Southampton, and for a time he lived in London, and later at Tilbury, Essex. During this period the family experienced dire poverty, but they were happy in the thought that the baby of the family was at least being well cared for in the institution.

Then, in May last year, came a terrible shock. On a form demanding payment of arrears due for the maintenance of the baby was the tragic word "deceased."

This was the first intimation that the child had died, and the father at first thought some dreadful mistake had been made.

Only on making further enquiries did he discover that his eighteen-months-old son had died on February 9, 1933, that was sixteen months ago, and neither he nor his wife had been informed that the baby was seriously ill, still less that it had died.

* * *

He rightly protested against this callous blundering on the part of the Southampton officials, only to be told that the Sick Notice and Notice of Death had been sent to his old address.

Yet the officials were aware of his changes of address, because he received at regular intervals demands for the payment of the child's maintenance.

If the officials knew his address for the purpose of sending in their bill, it seems unfortunate that the notice of the baby's death could not be sent there. As it is, but for the fact that the word "deceased" appeared on the demand note, the parents would have been unaware of the death.

Now, to make matters worse, Mr. Charles Hill has just received a demand for £3 6s. 9d. from the Southampton authorities for arrears due for the maintenance of his dead son, who is described as "Albert Hill, in St. Mary's Institution."

* * *

From this it would seem that the official blundering still goes on. Albert Hill died in February, 1933, yet an official document dated September 2, 1935, describes him as 'in St. Mary's Institution."

We can only urge the authorities to tighten up their administrative organisation in order to prevent any repetition of such a tragic blunder.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About It!

The TRAGEDY of

by A. L. Easterman

SENTENCE of civic death has been passed on a whole European community under the very eyes of the League of Nations at the moment when the more civilised nations are concentrated on protecting the national rights of a small African State against a powerful aggressor.

Nothing could be more cynical than the time and manner chosen by Adolf Hitler, "Saviour" and Leader of the new Germany, to promulgate his "blood and honour" law, pronouncing the half-million Jews left in Germany a pariah class of "untouchables," unfit for citizenship and unworthy of normal contact with their fellow men and women.

Decency outraged

Amid the pomp and pageantry of a great national parade, the Nazi Chancellor has proclaimed this degradation of a people as a symbol of Germany's freedom from the shackles of her own post-war humiliation. Henceforth, for the "glory of Germany," no Jew can ever attain the status of a full citizen. Marriage or relations with full-blooded Aryans is punishable by vigorous penalties.

"The participation of Jews in the political or social affairs of the German people," it is officially explained, "is now and for ever prohibited. The German people decline to regard the Jew as a member of their nation, and to extend to him the same rights and duties as German citizens enjoy."

This amazing sentence of outlawry violates not only every canon of civilised government, but every principle of social decency. It is a direct challenge to the whole Jewish people which has struggled for centuries against intolerance, massacre and humiliation to achieve just those normal human rights which Hitler at one stroke has swept away.

It outstrips in ferocity even the anti-Jewish terrorism of the Middle Ages, the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition and the blood lusts of the Tsarist pogroms, because at those dark eras in Jewish history the afflicted Hebrews were free to gather up their possessions and flee from the terror lands to more hospitable climes.

In modern "cultured" Germany the calculated decree of a Government has condemned a minority to be perpetually enchained in a ghetto and has cut off its contacts with the outside world.

Schools barred

The Jews of Germany have for two and a half years been unable to live normal lives, their means of livelihood have been destroyed, commerce with Jews has been restricted and even prohibited, while the professions, universities and schools have been bolted and barred against them.

Now comes their legal disfranchisement to complete the process of a people being strangled by the cords of political and social ostracism.

German Jewry itself is helpless in face of its death sentence. Physical terror, secret police, concentration camps, storm troops, black guards, and the other instruments of Nazi "enlightenment," have cowed and demoralised this community. But the Jews outside are not disposed to accept meekly the lethal chamber of Nazi Germany, which they see equally as a menace to their rights and well-being. For Hitler has declared war on the racial liberty of the Jewish people as a whole, and seeks to brand them as an inferior and "second-class" community by the fact of birth and blood alone.

World Jewry is now in no mood to parley with Hitler, nor to ask concessions, nor even to seek the restoration of rights to their brethren in Germany.

For two and a half years the Jewish communities outside Europe have wrestled with the problem of Nazi terrorism and with the task of discovering means to thwart and counteract it. It was realised that Hitler's anti-Jewish propaganda was intended to reach quarters far beyond the frontiers of Germany.

Hitlerism thus became as much a war on world Jewry as a deliberately planned policy of reducing German Jewry to serfdom.

The first world wave of Jewish anger expressed itself in protest gatherings and indignation meetings in almost every hamlet, city and country throughout the world. Nazi anti-semitism replied by curtailment of Jewish rights, by trade and professional boycott of Jews and finally open violence.

As a last desperate resort of retaliation and protection the more embittered elements of world Jewry resolved upon a call for a world boycott of German trade and services, in the absence of any other weapon it has of defence or reprisal.

Organisations were created throughout the world to carry the boycott into effect and to induce Jewish traders to employ "sanctions" by severing all commercial relations with Naziland.

The boycott has been brought into operation and has made serious inroads into Germany's export trade. Largely due to Jewish reprisals, German exports of manufactured goods have undergone a steady decline since Hitler seized power.

The "Leader," in announcing the new "outcast" laws against Jewry at Nuremberg stated that they had been imposed because of the menace of the Jewish trade boycott of Germany.

Dr. Schacht, his Finance Minister, warned his countrymen a few weeks ago of the dangers of this attack on German commerce and urged the wild men to cease their suicidal savagery against the Jewish citizens of Germany.

Schacht has overstated the effects of the boycott to cover up the precarious financial condition of Germany.

It is a fact that the Jewish boycott of Germany has been only partially effective. A considerable section of world Jewry has been hesitant in accepting it and some Jews have definitely opposed it, partly for fear of further Nazi reprisals which might endanger the very lives of the Jews forced by circumstances to remain in Germany and partly through a conviction that the economic power of Jewry was insufficient to cause serious injury to German commerce. There have, indeed, been Jews who have flouted the call for boycott and have continued to trade with the Third Reich.

Locse bond

The most serious difficulty in the way of the boycott has been the absence of authority to enforce it. Despite the common belief, the Jewish people have no effective organisation which could either authoritatively sponsor the boycott or enforce it. There are 16,000,000 Jews in the world; they are scattered throughout every corner of the globe; they live in communities which number 2,500,000 in New York to a dozen or so in the remotest hamlets; they are neither compact nor well-knit units; the vast majority are small tradesmen and artisans living on the border-line between poverty and a bare livelihood.

All that binds the Jews of the world is a loose religious tie or the bond of common origin and tradition. Of economic and political cohesion there is, for all practical effectiveness, nothing.

In the result the boycott has caused some substantial loss of German trade, but has had no critical effect upon it. What is of more vital consequence, it has not succeeded in inducing Hitler to withdraw the iron hand and heel against German Jewry. On the contrary, Jew-baiting in Germany has increased in violence and ferocity. The Nazis promised the German people bread and prosperity. In its failure to provide these, the Hitler régime has offered up the Jews for sacrifice.

Conviction is gradually growing that there is but one complete answer to Hitler and to the strange race theories on which he guides the destinies of the German nation. That answer is that the Jewish people must shake the dust of Germany from their feet.

Modern miracle

Sooner or later, the Jews must be removed from under the heel of Hitler and settled where tolerance and freedom replaces a state worse than slavery.

The exodus has already begun. Since the advent of Hitler to power 100,000 Jews have either been forced to flee or have voluntarily abandoned the country where many have lived for generations, and even for centuries.

The majority of these exiles are wandering over Europe, living precariously in countries which can give them only temporary shelter and the minimum of protection.

Some 30,000 former German Jews have, however, sought and secured shelter in the land from which their ancestors were likewise driven more than 2,000 years ago—Palestine.

Here, a large section of Jewry is convinced, lies the solution of the German Jewish problem and the salvation of the Jews afflicted by Pharaoh-Hitler and his imitators in other lands.

The menace of Hitlerism coincides strangely with the miracle of modern Palestine. The extraordinary progress in recent years of the new settlement in the Holy Land—the Jewish National Home—the remarkable advance in land cultivation and industry, has opened up vast prospects for the Jewish people generally, and for those whom conditions have made life intolerable elsewhere.

When, over two years ago, Hitler began his anti-Jewish persecution, the gates of Europe, America and Africa were opened ever so slightly to the terrorised refugees.

Palestine, hungry for men and women to dig, and soon to turn the

500,000 JEWS

"...owed, demoralised by physical terror and ...m troops . . . German Jewry is helpless in ... of its death sentence."—A typical inquisition scene in a Berlin street

wheels of new industry, avidly welcomed the exiles and called for more and still more.

British Government restrictions have, however, placed a heavy brake on immigration into Palestine, but Jewry pleads and presses for a more generous opening of the doors.

The Zionist Organisation points to the marvel of Palestine prosperity, to the acute shortage of labour in the country for the past three years, due to increasing Jewish land settlement and the steady growth of new industries; to the fact that Palestine is the only country in the world with no unemployment; and to the Palestine Government's surplus of over £3,000,000, almost entirely contributed by Jewish enterprise.

The British Government turns a deaf ear to these facts and rigidly controls Jewish immigration according to the "absorptive capacity of the country"—a vague basis formulated by Mr. Winston Churchill when he was Colonial Secretary thirteen years ago.

In truth, the British Government is actuated by political motives, fearing possible repercussions among the Arabs through a too rapidly growing Jewish population.

It is, therefore, one of the paradoxes and the tragedies of the Jewish situation that while the Jews are harried and driven from Germany and other European countries, the land of their origin and the only country available to receive them, is closely guarded against them.

Not the least of the obstacles in the way of Jewish entry into the Land of Israel are the stringent financial restrictions on Jewish immigrants. Individuals seeking to settle in private enterprise are required by the British Government to provide £1,000 of personal capital, while workers are obliged to procure "certificates" of admission through an accredited organisation.

The number of these certificates is strictly limited to "absorptive capacity" rigidly fixed annually by the Government, irrespective of changes in the economic needs of the country during the year.

Poverty

As a consequence, only those German Jews with substantial private means and a small number who have had the good fortune to obtain "certificates" have succeeded in securing asylum and safety in Palestine.

The vast majority of German Jews, mostly the poverty stricken and workless, have been forced to remain under the shadow of the ever-present Nazi terror.

Zionists, generally, view the German-Jewish tragedy with the calmness of severely practical men. They declare that the gradual and steady transfer of the Jewish victims of Hitler to Palestine is a realisable and the only available rescue plan.

The process, it is agreed, will be a long and costly one. During its accomplishment, the Jews remaining in Germany will assuredly suffer humiliation, want and even terror. But the Zionists ask their brethren in Germany to endure patiently, to wait until the land available for settlement in Palestine and beyond Jordan can be purchased, and to be assured that in the fullness of time the ancient land of Judea will be ready to receive them, and, should that be too late, to provide a new home and a new life for their children.

He calls it war!

Other sections of Jewry, more impatient for an immediate end to the nightmare of Jew-baiting, are searching other lands to which its victims may be removed. There are schemes and negotiations for prospective Jewish settlements in South America, Africa and elsewhere. Some with prospects of achievement, others vague and impossible, born of despair.

Whether the ultimate refuge be Palestine, Ecuador, or Angora, or whether the lot of the exiles be to form a great army of wandering Jews, a voluntary mass exodus is the only ultimate possibility for the remaining 500,000 Jews now in Germany.

"Hitler," say the Jewish people, in effect, "has declared war on us, openly and arrogantly. He has called on the German people to shun and humiliate the Jewish race. So be it. We accept the declaration of war and of ostracism. For our part, we shall now and for evermore sever all relationship with the German nation as typified by Nazi-Nordic-Aryan doctrine. Neither by way of trade, through culture, socially or politically, shall we have any contact with the Third Reich. We call on our people whom Hitler seeks by law to degrade and by violence to destroy, to leave Germany.

Those who have means must rise and depart; those who have not we shall provide for. Those Jews who elect to remain as 'untouchables' shall do so at their own risk, receiving no aid or recognition from us. They must and shall suffer the martyrdom they have chosen to endure."

But this declaration of Jewish determination to wrest present and future victims from the clutches of Hitlerism, is not to be the last word in the struggle between Jewry and its anti-semitic arch-enemies.

There is a school of Jewish thought which proclaims that the Jewish people must never forget the iniquity wrought by Nazi Germany, and that future generations of mankind should have visual and practical realisation of the bitterness inflicted on a great race and a minority without weapons of retaliation.

After the last Jew has left or been removed from the Third Reich, Germany, this section will advocate, should be declared a No Jews' Land for all time.

There must be a formal and solemn pronouncement that a Jewish wall must be built round this country, that sentence of Jewish excommunication should be passed upon it; that it should be "terra incognita" for the Jewish people, and that no Jew, under pain of forfeiture of his religious and racial place in Jewry, should ever cross its borders.

A precedent

If Germany declares she can do without Jews, the Jewish people will declare they can do without Germany.

Never again, Jewry will say, shall Germany have the great Jewish scholars, scientists, doctors, artists, musicians, writers, financiers and merchants, whose gifts to her culture have not only enriched the Teutons, but earned for them a place in the world of learning and on the road of Progress. No more Einsteins, Ludwigs, Feuchtwangers, Habers, Ballins, Rothschilds, and the innumerable rest.

There is good precedent for a Jewish declaration of German outlawry. Nearly 500 years ago Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain expelled the Jews after long years of terrorism and infamy.

The Jews had created the Spanish Golden Age of Commerce and Learning, making Spain the greatest State in Europe.

Except for a few scattered families, unknown to the rest of Jewry, the Jews have never returned to Spain. Steadily, but surely, the fame and glory of Spain has declined, century after century, knowing no prosperity and little peace, until she plays a respectable but insignificant rôle in the international world of trade, politics and letters.

Here is a precedent for Jewry and, who knows, may be a precedent for Hitler, too.

COCOA IMPROVED!

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More digestible than ever — more body-strengthening for the whole family

HERE'S news! For years you've known how enjoyable and nourishing cocoa is.

Now, after four years' research work with a great London hospital, Rowntree's have discovered a pre-digestion process that makes cocoa better than ever! Without adding or taking anything away, this discovery makes Rowntree's Cocoa more nourishing than ordinary cocoa — more body-strengthening — better for digestion than any cocoa ever made before. With Rowntree's your family gets more good from their meals. No change in price.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST EXPLAINS

This newly discovered pre-digestion process makes Rowntree's Cocoa better in these five ways:

1 *Rowntree's Cocoa digests more easily than ordinary cocoa.*

2 *Helps your stomach to digest meals better.*

3 *Is more strengthening for certain vital parts of the body than ordinary cocoa.*

4 *Makes even milk twice as digestible.*

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FREE: Model Speedboat!

Only one of hundreds of valuable Free Gifts to be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa Coupons. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CB1, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Gift Coupons in every tin.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

HELPS DIGESTION

At Grips with a Phantom Devil

They crept stealthily behind my back with knives drawn. The moment was fraught with peril

LIFE under Eastern skies assumes a different view from the perspective vision of the Western hemisphere. India is a country teeming with millions of superstitious people, embodying almost every class and distinction of religion; yet a land of simple, kindly folk.

That is why I once was able to gain a reputation as a "Fighter of Devils."

Some castes resort to witchcraft to a degree unbelievable in the present era of civilisation. The aid of Demons, Omens, may be invoked, even murder and poison are weapons not unknown to cast spells of malignant influence on some offending mortal.

The Devil (or Satan Sahib) becomes to them a living, bloodthirsty monster, liable to appear at any moment, breathing death and disaster in agonising form.

Men and women, in a frenzy of religious ferment, have killed their nearest and dearest relatives and friends, murdered their innocent children; slashed and mutilated their own bodies in a vain endeavour to secure the favour of the Devil's good graces.

Happily murder or violence seldom occur aboard steamships, but engineers and officers have many weird experiences. I wish to tell you of a personal interview I had with His Sardonic Majesty Satan.

It had its humorous aspects, as you will realise, but I can assure you that the situation was also grave enough at the time. To avert panic and disaster I had to indulge in a preposterous game of "make believe"—preposterous, that is, to our Western standards of thought, though highly successful in subduing the half-crazed Orientals with whom I had to deal.

It happened as follows:

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

The chief engineer and myself were sitting abaft the engine-room on the upper deck, enjoying the cool evening breeze coming off the sea. Celebrations were in the air, the origin of the festivities being the "Fast of Ramadan." The coolies were parading around the aft well-deck; performing a crude native dance named "Hop-Son Jop-Son."

With the exception of loin cloths, most were naked. The Serang and Tindal, as befitted their dignity, were gaily dressed in flowing robes.

● ● ●

In honour of the occasion several had painted their bodies with typical Eastern pigments. Others had smeared their heads and faces with sandal-wood oil until they glistened in the moonlight.

All were singing the very ancient Eastern chant "Hi-Heely, Ho-Heely, Hi-Hi-Hi." Some carried banners, suspended on broomsticks, representing their deity. Others were clashing brazen instruments of nondescript construction.

The most important group, including the Serang and Tindal, had painted hideous masks, emphasising their contempt for the Devil.

It occurred to one of the coolies, as the procession was passing the forecastle door, to glance inside. His scream of terror silenced all the other voices. An orderly group of harmless coolies became panic-stricken.

In an instant every banner, mask and instrument was thrown to the deck and trampled underfoot. The men ran amok. Some charged madly in our direction. Others were clambering over the bulwarks in an effort to throw themselves bodily into the sea.

The younger boys, gibbering in abject terror, had fallen on deck, foaming at the mouth, scratching and tearing their faces with their finger-nails. The deck resembled a shambles.

"Hello!" cried the chief, springing up from his deck-chair. "What on earth has frightened our coolies? Better go down and see," he added, turning towards myself.

The Serang and Tindal, prostrating themselves at my feet, speedily enlightened me. "The Devil" had this very moment arrived aboard the ship. He had seen the rude masks and was angry. He had taken up permanent residence inside the forecastle. He was sitting there with a big knife in his hand ready to cut off the head of the first man who dared enter.

"Oh, Sahib," they pleaded tearfully, "would you be so kind and brave as to go inside and inform Satan Sahib we are very very sorry."

If the Devil would only go away, they protested tearfully, it would never happen again. Of course, they added as an afterthought, if Master Devil insisted on a sacrifice, well there was always a spare boy they could kill, as a matter of courtesy!

Discipline demanded that their fears must be conquered at once, otherwise the firemen and trimmers on watch would join in the panic, and the ship would be rendered helpless for lack of steam.

Apart from the danger to the ship, the fanatical coolies were liable to inflict bodily harm upon themselves and others. It was hopeless telling them that their fears were absurd. They were convinced that the Devil was aboard, and their attitude was immovable.

● ● ●

Hastily summoning the third and fifth engineers, I placed them on guard at a ventilator, each suitably armed with coal hammers and with implicit instructions that under no circumstances must they allow the "Devil" to escape. The Chief Engineer took up the post of honour—the doorway—his instructions being to slay at once with his walking stick. For my part I seized a three-quarter inch spanner and marched boldly into the forecastle to fight the non-existent monster.

"Now then, you old reprobate," I shouted, loud enough for the coolies to hear me, "where are you? Come and fight me like a man." To show the cunning of the devil, he immediately spread around himself a cloak of invisibility

I decided, however, that it was necessary to play up to the superstitious beliefs of the half-crazed crew, so I scattered the bedding in all directions. With a crash the coal stove was ruthlessly kicked over. Down followed the galvanised chimney, throwing soot in all directions.

I pretended to hear a voice tantalising,

(*Continued on page 28*)

A mother's thanks:—

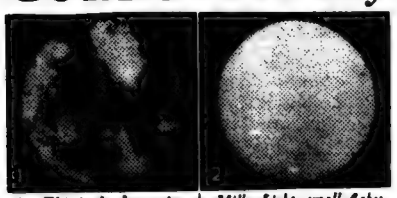
"She was taken ill, and was wasting away. The doctor advised us to try her on Nestlé's and from then she progressed. To-day she is a lovely child."

MRS. E. N., RAINHAM, KENT, *whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.*

"Never a bad night"

Straight from their hearts, hundreds of mothers write and thank Nestlé's for baby's life. There's a reason why Nestlé's Milk so often succeeds where everything else has failed. The most delicate baby stomach — so weak that cow's milk is out of the question—can absorb the same nourishment easily in this richer, gentler form.

CURDS — *and why*



1. This is the large, indigestible curd which fresh cow's milk forms in the baby stomach. 2. And this is the fine soft curd formed by Nestlé's Milk. Light, small flakes, easily and rapidly digested. All the cream and goodness of rich farm milk is changed into sturdy flesh and bone —without any trouble at all.

LARGE SIZE 7½D | SMALL SIZE 4D

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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CORNED BEEF —

is nicer with

MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard

THERE'S "SOMETHING IN" OATS FOR BREAKFAST!

that "*something*" is the Vitamin you *must* have for healthy nerves and well-being

THE PRECIOUS "NERVE-NOURISHING" VITAMIN IN QUAKER OATS

Nerviness, lack of energy, general dullness . . . may all be due to deficiency of Tonic Vitamin in your normal diet

All over the world today millions of people are convinced that a porridge breakfast is the most nourishing and healthful one you can have: many of them have held this conviction for years, though without knowing really why, as have their fathers and mothers for a lifetime before them. They have eaten Quaker Oats because they *liked* it. And these Quaker Oats enthusiasts always have been healthy, energetic, cheerful, thoroughly *well* people. What is the explanation?

This is how the doctor would explain it

The doctor will tell you that oats are one of the most nourishing foods provided by nature; exceptionally rich in valuable minerals and body-building elements —nourishing without being fattening. But, he will add, we now know there is something more in porridge than this.

Science has shown that* OATS *stimulate appetite, feed the nerves and combat constipation

Recently, important discoveries have been made as the result of researches in dietetics by eminent scientists. Vitamin "B," called the "nerve-nourishing" Vitamin, is *essential* for all-round well-being, since lack of it has proved a direct cause of indigestion, sleeplessness, constipation, nervousness and poor appetite. It is, unfortunately, scarce in many foods we eat, but now scientists have discovered that *Oats contain a far larger proportion of this Vitamin than had ever been realised.* The body cannot store this Vitamin "B," we need a fresh "charge" of it every day, and these experts say that a *daily porridge breakfast provides a valuable supply.*

So mother was* RIGHT . . . *without knowing why!

Mothers for generations have found and said that porridge is "good for you"! It is indeed—and it is good for growing children in an especial way. For another discovery of the food experts is that the Vitamin "G" in milk which promotes growth, is many times more effective when taken together with an adequate supply of Vitamin "B." So what *could* be a better breakfast for your children than Quaker Oats and milk?

QUAKER OATS

— the finest oats grown

Quaker Oats is made from the World's finest oats, grown and ripened in sunny Canada, and roasted by a special process to bring out all their goodness and give them that *creamy* flavour no other cereal has ever been able to imitate.

No cold cereal warmed with hot milk can possibly compare with a breakfast of Quaker Oats, freshly cooked and served hot. Every man, woman and child benefits by beginning the day on such a good meal—especially in damp, wintry weather. Quaker Oats is sold only in *sealed packets* which preserve the famous flavour and ensure freshness and freedom from dust.

2108

More health in an Oats Breakfast — Most health in a

QUAKER OATS

Breakfast

40 splendid breakfasts for 8½d

There's 'nerve-nourishing' Vitamin in

QUAKER OATS *... the healthiest breakfast*

MORE A SERVANT THAN A WIFE
EVANS HAS ASKED US ROUND THIS EVENING I SAID WE'D GO
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE THEN. I'VE BEEN WASHING ALL DAY AND I'M FIT TO DROP.
I DO THINK HE MIGHT HAVE STAYED AT HOME WITH ME. I'M MORE A SERVANT THAN A WIFE
LATE THAT NIGHT
OF COURSE MRS EVANS WAS FULL OF BEANS. I BET SHE GETS HELP IN FOR HER WASHING.
HERE'S HER ONLY WASHDAY HELP—OXYDOL. SHE SENT YOU THIS PACKET TO TRY.
NEXT MONDAY
OXYDOL CERTAINLY MAKES MASSES OF SUDS. "15 MINUTES SOAKING" IT SAYS. I'LL HAVE TIME FOR THE HAIRDRESSERS.
THAT EVENING
HULLO, YOU LOOK A PEACH TONIGHT!
AND I FEEL AS FRESH AS ONE. I'D GOT ALL THE WASHING DONE BY 10. LET'S GET THE EVANS' ROUND FOR BRIDGE.

Don't be a servant in your own home! Lighten house-work with Oxydol, the wonderful new washing discovery! — It *soaks* things cleaner and whiter in 15 minutes. Absolutely safe for colours and it keeps your hands nice — so wash-up in Oxydol too. Big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.

OXYDOL

GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AT GRIPS WITH A PHANTOM DEVIL—continued from page 26

COURAGE WINS ITS REWARD

sneering rudely at me from the most unexpected places. The terror-stricken audience outside must have imagined that my efforts to bring Satan to fight were proving futile. I was swinging around the spanner, missing every time, hitting the woodwork, making an awful noise!

Then a menacing voice demanded, "food—the best procurable." (I have a certain gift for ventriloquism.)

"Certainly," I answered loudly. "Your Majesty shall have the finest on the ship!"

A tray full of curry and rice, with eastern delicacies, was handed through the doorway by the chief engineer, who apologised for the meagre banquet.

The Devil, smacking his lips with evident pleasure, consumed it all. At least that was the impression gained by the cowering coolies

With returning good humour he now explained "he had left his home in the mountains hundreds of miles away at noon. He had been looking for another ship of the same company. He was exhausted and hungry when, seeing our vessel, he had decided to pay a friendly visit.

He had been annoyed at the rude manner in which the coolies had treated him, but now it was all right. He was satisfied they meant no disrespect. He granted it was fine work of mine protecting my workers.

It had been amusing for him to observe my puny efforts to dislodge him. He could have killed me, had it occurred to him, but out of the goodness of his heart he had spared my life, as he knew from experience, sooner or later, I would have no choice in the matter.

● ● ●

In view of the fact that every exit was guarded, rather than cause any trouble, he would go through the porthole, if I would kindly open it. Thanking me again and extending a hearty invitation to come and see him, he squeezed through. Sweeping his wings majestically in a triumphant arch of victory he flew away never to return.

All this I imparted, with a wealth of colourful realism, to the anxious throng outside the forecastle, and my play-acting caused a profound impression.

The Serang and Tindal, fingering two wicked-looking knives, were waiting in the van of the others. They had crept as near as they dared. When I informed them that "everything was now all right" they were impressed. Decision and indecision fought a fierce battle in which hesitation was finally routed by the force of tactful persuasion. They confided their readiness to enter and "Look-see" provided I led the way.

In other circumstances it must have presented a tragic picture to observe the Serang and Tindal with knives drawn, creeping stealthily behind my back. The moment was fraught with peril, had anything out of the ordinary occurred, or even if their imaginations ran away with them, I should doubtless have been murdered in cold blood.

Thanks to my handiwork, the proof of the Devil's previous occupation of the forecastle was visibly clear. Who else would have thrown the bedding into the most inaccessible corners? And what greater evidence of wanton wickedness could there be than the overturned stove?

● ● ●

The dents made in the woodwork by my spanner were certainly no delusion; a finger placed in each satisfied their curiosity. Lastly, as convincing proof of the Devil's departure, there was the open porthole. Who but a contortionist such as the Devil could possibly have squeezed through that small orifice? A lot of curry and rice was bespattered around the mouth of the opening, which only added evidence and went to show that Master Satan had disgorged a little in his hurried flight.

The facts were irrefutable. Authority arrived bedecked with a new-found dignity. The hesitating coolies were ordered inside. It may have been a mere coincidence, but at that precise moment the cargo lights were switched on.

Throwing the darkness into the brilliance of daylight, the quartermasters connected the fire hose, presumably to wash the deck.

The refreshing effervescence of cold salt water splashing viciously against their naked bodies may have been a desirable reason why they should seek shelter at once. The coolies rushed inside.

In a moment I was the hub of an ever-increasing circle of grateful coolies, salaaming to the ground.

Gifts were freely offered. A ring, a bangle, little trinkets which meant so much to them. These, of course, had to be tactfully but rigidly refused. Dignity demanded it. Was I not a superman? Had I not alone, unaided, conquered the Devil?

Discipline coming to the rescue asserted itself. The coolies instantly commenced the sordid operation of cleaning-up. Soap and water were used until the forecastle became as bright and clean as a new pin.

Cynics may sneer at the maudlin sentiment displayed towards a crowd of coolies. Let them, their opinion is of no matter. The ordinary landsman fails to realise the strength of the thread of affection which binds coolie and sahib together. It is a confidence tempered with mutual respect; each one knows to a nicety exactly how far the limits of discipline can be stretched or relaxed.

To attempt to enforce discipline while the coolies were in throes of fanatical terror would have been to invite disaster and might probably have started an orgy of bloodshed. One hundred and five panic-stricken men, rushing hither and thither, would have been a menace to life and limbs. That is why I chose so unorthodox a way of handling the situation.

There, then, is the true story of my unique encounter with "the Devil." I have always been glad I was able to play that queer game "make-believe" successfully, especially as everything ended so happily.

Two days later, on leaving Port Said, a bottle of whisky and fifty choice cigars mysteriously found their way to the top of the writing desk in my cabin. Hastily summoning the Serang, I enquired "if he knew anything about these perquisites."

"No, Sahib!" he promptly lied; but brightening almost immediately, as if an afterthought seemed to strike him, he added, "Perhaps Satan Sahib, Good Man Master Devil knows something."

Race with "Silver Ring"

Newbury's Autumn "Goods"

As I write these notes, the "office" layers are offering 16 to 1 Shining Cloud for the Cesarewitch. I mentioned last week the running of Sir Abe Bailey's entry in the Rufford Abbey Handicap at Nottingham, and suggested it would not be long before she did the necessary and earned winning brackets.

On Saturday we have the second day of the Newbury Autumn Meeting, the Cup being the special feature. Shining Cloud is in this and I favour her chance. She is by Solario—Queen of Flight, breeding good enough for anything, and I expect her to do well.

I think the nice prize of the Cup, with a little over £1,400 to go with it, will be Sir Abe's if Shining Cloud puts it all in over the two miles and a furlong.

Consistency in a horse is the one guide a Turf writer can enthuse upon. Ballinluig (Golden Boss—Mazoe) is a model in this respect.

This six-year-old, with 8 st. 10 lb., in the Whatcombe Handicap, should give the weight to most of the others, though Sunny Palm is obviously a danger. But it is certain that Ballinluig will be there or thereabouts.

I couple Ballinluig with L'Eldorado (in the Long Distance Selling Handicap) and hope that they will bring off the Saturday "double."

Make a note of the following as future winners: Fordilla, second to Saragossa at Chepstow; Grecolass, beaten a head by Nautical Moments at Yarmouth; and Near White, who succumbed by a head to Gordon Richards on Niban at Ayr.

My readers who are Soccer enthusiasts and speculate thereon should not fail to purchase the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, 2d. every Saturday, wherein can be found the advice of the leading football experts of the day.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 26, to Wednesday, October 2.

F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T
G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D W N 96

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. VK9695KZ2 would read PATBALL.

"The Greatest of These ——"

Broken in Spirit

Ellen

ELLEN, who is aged eleven, and her six-year-old sister are happy little girls in spite of the fact that Ellen shows signs of a rheumatic disposition, and the teacher of the younger child complains of her being nervous. They have a brother who is unable to work owing to mental trouble.

The children's mother is far from happy, as all she has to keep herself and the three children on is 30s. a week received from her husband, an ex-Service man, against whom a separation and maintenance order was made last May.

As her rent was considerably in arrears she had to give up her home, and now pays 10s. a week for a small top flat consisting of two rooms and kitchenette. The boy sleeps in the living room.

"Debts," she says, "I have strenuously tried to avoid." But a small milkman's bill and an old-standing doctor's bill weigh on her mind.

"My greatest concern," she says, "is for the winter. More bedding is wanted badly. If only I could do some work, but I am handicapped. My spirit is broken—my nerves to pieces."

One of her neighbours who was touched with the poor and friendless condition of Ellen's mother, says: "She is a very good woman, greatly in need of help." Also one of the clergy of her parish states: "Her circumstances are very distressing."

Ellen's mother is a lady of education, speaking various languages. In the past she had a comfortable home, which makes her present circumstances all the harder to bear. We shall be very grateful if our readers will take pity on her by sending donations earmarked "Ellen," which, as in the case of donations intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application

"But I haven't room for a wringer in my tiny kitchen"
says Mrs. Twenty Five

"My dear, an ACME 'Portable' will fit anywhere"
says Mrs. Fifty Five

An ACME *'Portable'* fixes just where you will find it most convenient to use—a free choice of nine alternative fixtures sees to that. It will take the heaviest family wash, wringing and mangling everything—from bibs to blankets—quicker, easier and drier—it tucks away neatly when you've finished . . . Solid reinforced rubber rollers—unique cantilever pressure system—rust-proofed pressed steel construction—are only a few of the points which have made over 2,000,000 housewives into enthusiastic ACME users.

Every ACME carries a 10 years free replacement guarantee.

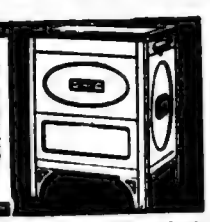
16-INCH 43/-

14-INCH 39/-

ACME
PORTABLE
WRINGER-MANGLE

Obtainable of all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores.

IF YOU HAVE MORE ROOM choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Cabinet'* model at 84/-. For illustrated Booklet 1.A., describing all three ACME models in detail write to ACME WRINGERS LTD., DAVID ST., GLASGOW, S.E.



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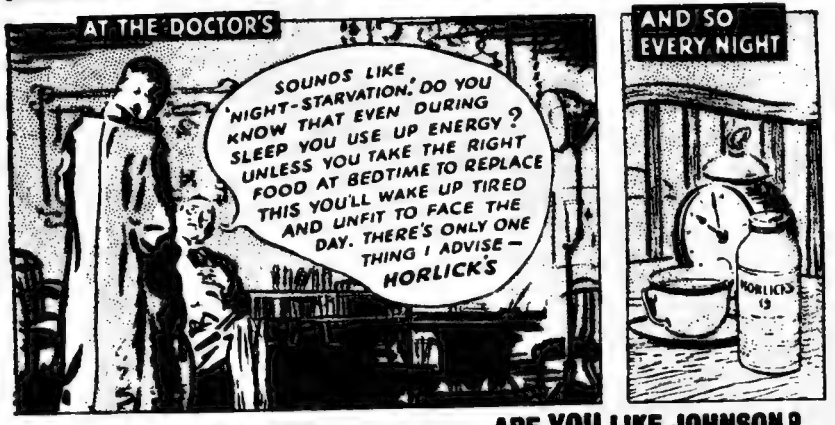
I tried my hardest But—
OTHER MEN GOT THERE FIRST...

HULLO! HULLO! 'MORNING STAR' LONDON?... GIVE ME THE NEWS EDITOR... UPTON SPEAKING. LORD SANFORD'S COUNTRY HOUSE... GET THIS—WEST WING BLAZING... FAMILY ESCAPE IN NIGHT ATTIRE... FOOTMAN LEAPS...
THINKING
FOUR OTHER REPORTERS WANTING LONDON CALLS AHEAD OF ME... I'LL NEVER CATCH THE EARLY EDITION

NEXT DAY
I'M FOR IT THIS TIME!
NEWS EDITOR
THE 'MORNING STAR' BEAT US WITH THAT FIRE STORY, JOHNSON. THEY GOT IT IN TWO EDITIONS EARLIER THAN WE DID. WHAT'S COME OVER YOU THESE DAYS?
I THINK I'LL HAVE TO PACK UP ON THE JOB—I CAN'T STAND THE PACE, MIKE. IT WEARS ME OUT. EVEN AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP I'M TIRED
YOU CAN'T LET THE JOB BEAT YOU, OLD MAN. WHY NOT SEE A DOCTOR—MOST LIKELY HE'D SOON PUT YOU RIGHT


AT THE DOCTOR'S
SOUNDS LIKE 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' DO YOU KNOW THAT EVEN DURING SLEEP YOU USE UP ENERGY? UNLESS YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FOOD AT BEDTIME TO REPLACE THIS YOU'LL WAKE UP TIRED AND UNFIT TO FACE THE DAY. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I ADVISE—HORLICK'S
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
HORLICK'S

THREE MONTHS LATER
I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, JOHNSON—YOU'RE TURNING IN SOME OF THE BEST WORK IN FLEET STREET NOW—I'M GLAD—I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!
THANK YOU, SIR. THAT'S VERY NICE TO HEAR... I FEEL RIGHT ON TOP OF MY JOB THESE DAYS!

ARE YOU LIKE JOHNSON?

Are others "getting there" before *you*, too? Do you feel too fagged to make any extra effort? If so, probably "Night-Starvation" is your trouble. All night you burn up energy. Unless this is replaced as you sleep, you wake tired—"Night-Starved." Horlick's at bed-time prevents "Night-Starvation." You wake up every morning full of energy. The milk is already in Horlick's—just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

A Full-size Easy Chair

that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 35. The Superlax Model illustrated can be obtained for monthly payments of only 10/-.

Send for Free Catalogue

Fill in the Coupon on page 35 for free illustrated Catalogue of all Berkeley Upholstery together with patterns, coverings, etc.

PARK DRIVE
THE LEADING *QUALITY* 4d. CIGARETTE

There are
5 Reasons why
I like 'Mansion'

- "It's so brilliant and gives such a smooth, hard surface. A rub over with a dry mop removes the dust and makes the floor as bright as ever."
- "It's so easy to spread and to polish."
- "It's so economical because so little covers a large surface and its brightness lasts so long."
- "It removes dirt so easily and gives floors a fresh, clean surface."
- "It's such a healthy polish to use because it destroys dust germs."

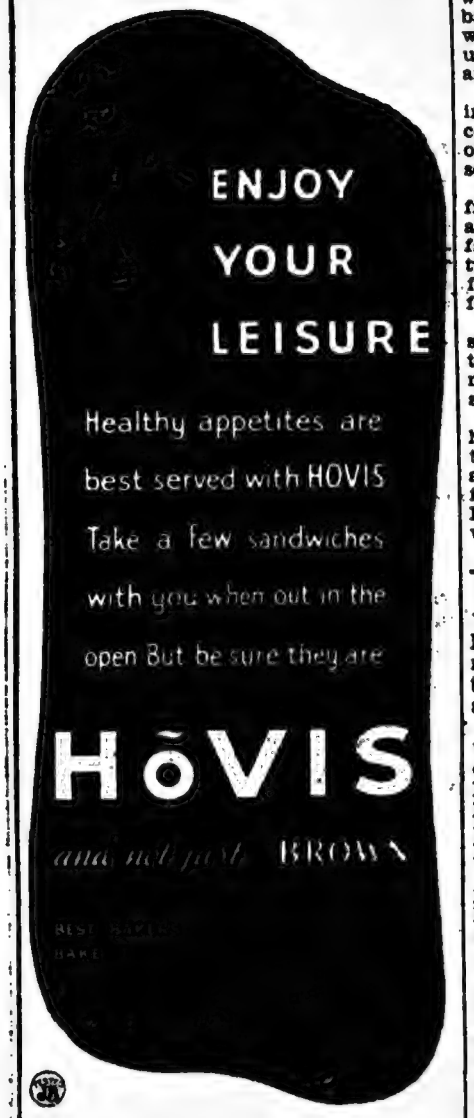
Think of the trouble you save by using

MANSION POLISH

for Floors Furniture and Linoleum

Tins 3d., 6d., and larger sizes

MP/AC/37



The Loving Daughter with a

MOTHER *like* STONE

Human Documents
probed by
Philip Inman

I TRAVELLED the other day by train from King's Lynn to London. The other occupants of the compartment were an old lady and her daughter, the latter a woman in the early forties.

It was delightful to see the devotion of that daughter for her mother. It was distressing to notice the response it evoked. All she received by way of acknowledgment was a snarl.

I started to talk to the younger woman. She told me that she worked in London, but was having a week's holiday and had gone home to take her mother to places of interest in the neighbourhood. "I thought the change would do her good," she said.

The old lady said nothing. I could have said quite a lot! We hear a good deal of the duty of children to their parents. We are inclined to forget the other side of the picture—the side that is illustrated so poignantly in the following letter:

"I am a married woman of thirty-six with four beautiful children. As a child I was never shown much affection by my mother, but my father and eldest brother tried to make up to me for her treatment. Many a time I would have left home if it had not been for them.

"When I married, my husband and I lived at home, but after a few months life became unbearable and mother turned me out at 10 o'clock one night without a penny in the world. My husband was out of work and my first baby was expected in six weeks. A friend took us in and after a time my husband found another job.

"The following year mother got herself into serious trouble, and it was I who comforted her, and I sold two rings, one of them my wedding ring, to pay the solicitor to fight her case.

"After a time my husband and I came from Ireland to live in England. Shortly afterwards I lost my best friends, for my father and brother died within a short time of each other. When I went to the funeral my mother treated me shamefully.

Not long ago I had to have a very serious operation and my husband wrote to tell her, but she did not even send me a line. I was heartbroken and thought she did not care whether I died or not.

"I wrote to her when I came out of hospital and the children have written too, but she ignores all our letters. To add insult to injury, I have heard from friends in Ireland that she tells everyone I never write home. I still love her, but what can I do?"

I HAVE pondered over this letter for a long time. It is very difficult to understand that mother. It would have been different if her daughter had merited such treatment. But she seems to have been kind and considerate to a degree.

At first I thought the best course would be to give that mother a little of her own medicine. "Leave her alone," I almost advised, "until she comes to her senses." And then I remembered the last sentence in my correspondent's letter, "I still love her."

That mother must be getting on in years. It would be a tragedy if she and her daughter were not at peace when the end comes. But what can be done to bring that about?

My correspondent mentions "friends in Ireland" who are obviously in touch with her mother. Can she not write to ask one of them to persuade the old lady to adopt a more reasonable attitude towards her daughter? It may be that intercession of that kind would remove the barrier that exists between them.

If this plan is not practicable, then I would urge my correspondent to make another direct appeal. I take it that with her family responsibilities it is impossible for her to visit her mother's home. In that case she should write on the lines I have mentioned. If, alas! these efforts should all fail, she will know she has done her utmost and there will be no cause for any regrets.

THERE is a wise old saying that "kindnesses should be written in marble—injuries in dust." It came into my mind as I read this man's letter:

"I was born in a village, our nearest town being twelve miles away. Here I went to school until the age of fourteen and then until I was sixteen I had quite a number of jobs, but from my last one I was discharged. Unable to find other work in our village, I scanned the papers daily and at last obtained a position a good distance away from home, only to find that my mother objected to my going away.

"She told me quite plainly that if I persisted in leaving home I was never to set foot in her house again. I went to bed pondering over my decision and the next day I decided to take the opportunity offered me, thinking that if I made good mother would quickly relent.

"Life hasn't been all honey, but taking the rough with the smooth I must admit Dame Fortune has smiled on me. I am now thirty-seven and for the past five years have been in a business of my own which is doing remarkably well.

"Now I have a young brother aged twenty placed in exactly the same position as I was twenty years ago, and through the wangling of a sister we manage to see one another from time to time. He is a good lad, full of ambition, but he can't get a decent job at home. I could and would willingly give him a position in my business, but is it fair to him to risk being turned out of his home?

"I have pointed out this fact to him, but he is still willing and eager to come to me. But would he regret it later and blame me? Should I be playing the game with him and my parents if I gave him employment? Even now, after all these years, it hurts me when I pass my old

Some elderly people talk of the duty of children to their parents, forgetting that they still have a duty—to remain loving and tender

home and cannot even call to see the old folk."

It is said that time is a great healer. But, alas! it has not been so in this case. Twenty years have passed since this man left his home. And there has been no reconciliation. I do not know if any attempt has been made to bridge the gulf. But if I were my correspondent I would make a great effort to do this.

Is it not possible for that sister to act as intermediary? Failing that, I think he should intervene himself. I suggest he might either write to his parents or go to see them.

That may sound like eating humble pie. Never mind if it restores the family circle. After all, by his success in life he has proved that he was right in leaving home.

Now a word about his brother. In a few months this young man will be twenty-one. He is then of an age to act for himself. If my correspondent can find him a position and he chooses to take it, he has every right to do so.

Divorce carries with it many complications—particularly when there are children. This young man is one of the victims. He writes:

"I am the youngest son of a family of five. My parents were divorced when I was a youngster and the home was broken up. Now they have both married again and each have homes of their own.

"I am nearly twenty-six and hope very shortly to be married myself. I am living with my father and step-mother and, naturally, would invite them to the wedding. As my mother and her husband are living in the same town I would very much like to ask them as well.

"But my mother and father are not on speaking terms and naturally I do not want any unpleasantness at the wedding. As I was brought up by my father, I suppose it is my duty to give him preference, yet I am devoted to my mother and want to give her the place due to her as the mother of the bridegroom.

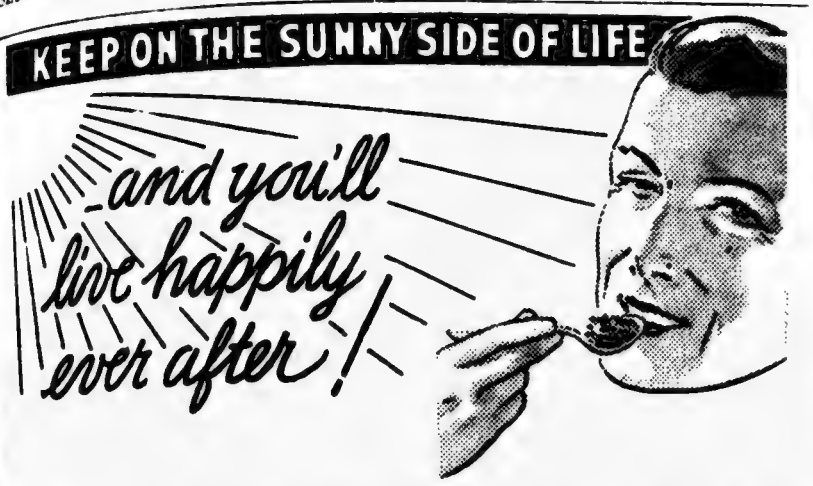
"My fiancée is as friendly with my mother as she is with my father and does not want to leave either one of them out. What can you advise me to do?"

ONE of the epic stories of the Great War is of that Christmas Day when an unofficial truce was declared between the contending forces. This young man's wedding is a great occasion in his life. Is it too much to ask that his father and his mother should bury their enmity at least for this one day? I contend that they owe that to their son. And I advise him to tell them so. He can explain that he and his fiancée wish them both to be present at the ceremony. I cannot think that either of them would deny him that request.

If, however, peace cannot be arranged, then I suggest a compromise. Let one attend the marriage service and the other the wedding breakfast. In that event neither can feel in any way slighted. "Wedding Bells . . ." says Poë, "What a world of happiness their harmony foretells." I sincerely hope that may be so in this case.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



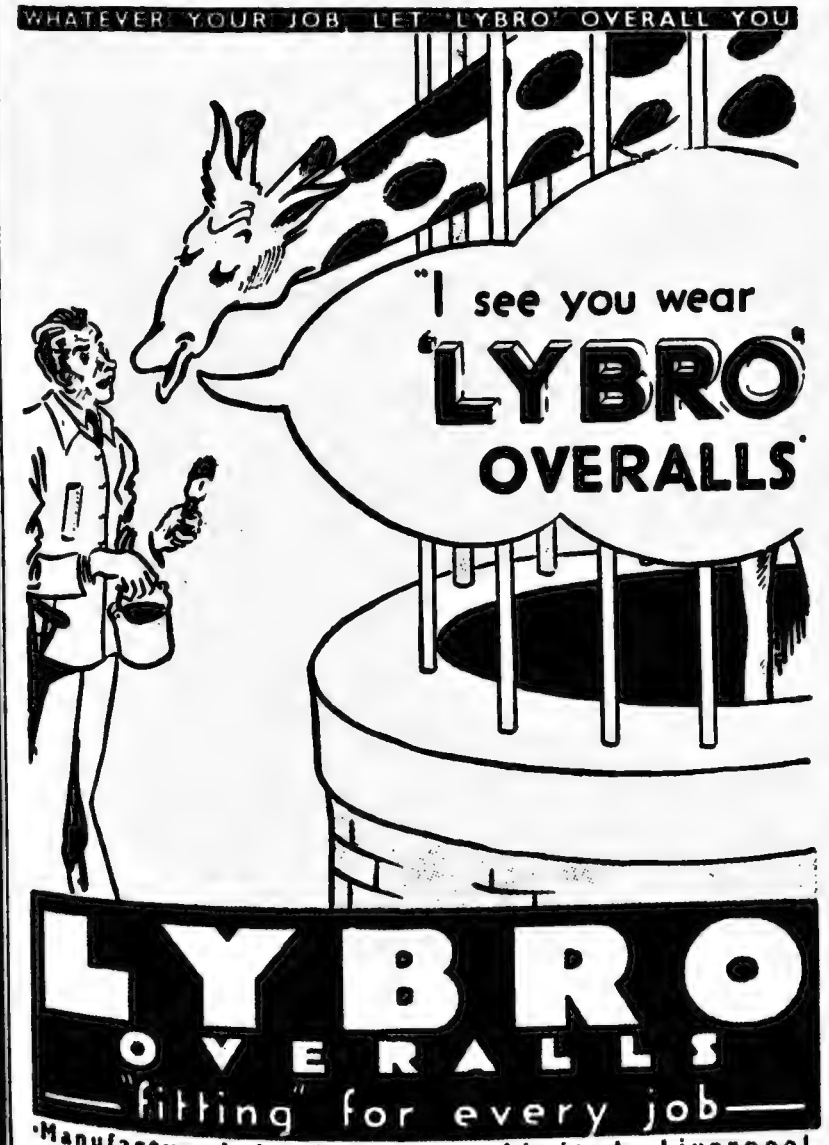
Do you often feel tired, depressed and miserable — as though life were not worth living? That's not your *real* self. It is a condition usually caused by common constipation. Get those wastes and poisons out of your body without the use of pills or drugs and you'll be as happy as the day is long. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream and you'll soon be as regular as Nature intended. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" not found in ordinary diet. This "bulk" exercises the intestinal tract and so corrects the tendency to constipation. In addition Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains iron that purifies the blood. Life will be different when you start eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—sold by all grocers. No cooking required.

Made in Canada
9d. per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

826

WHATEVER YOUR JOB LET 'LYBRO' OVERALL YOU



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OVERALLS
"fitting" for every job

Manufactured by Workwear Limited. Liverpool

Hare, A.3

"NOW...
I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
She is only one among the thousands of women who, having found Palmolive so beneficial to the face have discovered how, as a bath soap, it protects the beauty of the arms, shoulders and back—keeps them soft and lovely. The rich *Olive Oil* lather cleanses and beautifies.
PALMOLIVE

Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.

3d per tablet

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 41.

£1,000 IN PRIZES
FOR PLAYERS OF
LEXICON
THE WONDER GAME

AMUSE YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY

The Competition is a game in itself. Fascinating for adults and children. And what an educational value ! !

BUY A PACK TO-DAY
INCLUDING FREE ENTRY FORM FOR THE £1,000 COMPETITION
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600 CASH PRIZES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL STATIONERS STORES & TOY DEALERS

Libby's COOKED CORNED BEEF

"Now for an appetizing square meal!"

How satisfying is a dish when made with Libby's CORNED BEEF. Ready cooked, ready to serve, handiest for a quick cold meal, or when served hot in BEEF puddings, pies or tasty BEEF pasties. So economical, too.

In family size tins

Sold by all Grocers and Stores

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NEW PACK

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Containing 10 Genasprin tablets of the same high quality that has earned Genasprin the reputation of being the SAFE BRAND of ASPIRIN

ALSO { *2/- bottle increased to 50 Genasprin tablets*

Now, when you want quick, safe relief from pain, get Genasprin in this convenient, inexpensive form. Genasprin *safely* rids you of headaches or nerve pains without disturbing your digestion or harming your heart.

Obtainable from all Chemists.

Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

We've had the BURGLARS..

SEPTEMBER has been a sad month for the insurance companies. They have received an unprecedented number of claims from householders whose homes were entered and sacked while the family was on holiday.

One reason has been a recent increase in the number of holders of the 5s. per cent. comprehensive domestic policy which includes burglary risk, but the flood of claims is due mainly to the fact that there has been a growing recklessness among the housebreaking fraternity who are continuing to have things their own way despite all the inventive genius being shown in mechanical protection.

Property to the value of £7,500,000 is now being stolen annually in raids on temporarily unoccupied premises, only 2 per cent. of which are made in the night-time. Most of this great thieves' harvest is gathered in the holiday period simply because it provides the easiest opportunity.

* * *

INSURANCE companies do not hesitate to blame the public for giving the robbers easy opportunity. Yet when the companies issue their policies very few of them impose any conditions as to the security of a house when it is left unoccupied or even bother to send a surveyor to ascertain if the simplest safeguards exist. So perhaps the accusation of public carelessness is somewhat extravagant. In defence of their own failure to insist on proper precautions being taken, the insurance people plead that competition among them has become too intense to do so.

If they were to be believed fully, burglary insurance has become a form of philanthropy!

And if the insurance companies were to have their way, the homes of Britain would become transformed—at the householders' expense—into great safes, vaults and what not.

Still, the experience of the surveyors who have been dealing with the recent record crop of "forcible entries" is instructive as a guide to the manner in which dwelling-houses may be better and quite cheaply protected, and possibly one half of the number of attempts at housebreaking frustrated.

It would seem from the reports of the insurance technicians that the head of the average household is well satisfied when leaving for a holiday or week-end if he has seen that the doors are bolted, the windows fastened, an extra pull or push given where they are ill-fitting, and the front door made to slam when he departs. He would be astounded if told that he had not "locked up."

In most houses, say the experts, there is a sufficiency of bolts, fasteners and latches, but in only ten out of every hundred is there the most necessary of all fitments—locks. The security of the majority of houses depends upon the holding-power of two or three screws used to fix the box-staple of a front-door rim or cylinder latch.

If a jemmy is used, either the screws will give way, the post will split or the box-staple snap. A far greater degree of security is obtained if a well-made, four-lever mortise dead lock is fitted and the doorpost is correspondingly strengthened with a steel (not brass) striking-plate.

* * *

THIS, of course, involves the slight trouble of using a key.

The desirability of steel instead of brass, as is most common, for the striking-plate is that most doors hang so badly that there is a quarter of an inch gap between the frame and the stile. The steel gives greater strength to the post and makes it less liable to split when a jemmy is inserted in the gap.

Even the best and strongest latch presents no difficulty to a competent housebreaker. His job has been made much easier by the appearance on the market of a small instrument which will open any cylinder latch. It is supposed to be sold only as a locksmith's patent tool, but it is so easily obtainable that action by the Home Office seems necessary to control its manufacture and sale.

It is unfortunate that when a householder with no special knowledge seeks a reliable lock, he has often foisted upon him, instead of a good mortise dead lock, a type of warded lock which can be operated with a piece of bent wire. Many retailers press the sale of these articles because they bring a higher rate of profit.

Another precaution advised by the insurance companies is that, if the internal doors of a house are fitted with mortise locks, they should always be used and the keys removed when the place is to be left unoccupied so that the activities of a thief who has gained entry by a window may be confined to one room.

Any window fitting is good if it is a lock—a mortise clutch-lock is best for wooden casements—which will prevent the usual fasteners and stays being unfastened or removed when the glass is broken.

But the additional use of acorn stop, sash-screws or key-screws is also advocated.

For some years several types of cheap and efficient window locks, both for private houses and business premises, have been on the market, but when a test was made a few weeks ago at thirty ironmongers' shops in London each of the tradesmen produced only sash and casement fasteners when asked to supply a window lock.

* * *

LIKE the insurance companies, the police are too prone to accuse householders of negligence and responsibility for the new wave of housebreaking.

They take refuge behind the easily made statement that the reason why most robberies are not detected at the right time and not even discovered until the occupiers return home is that houses generally are so feebly protected by door and window fittings that a thief can enter, operate and leave with such ease that there is no exterior evidence, such as broken windows or forced doors, to betray him.

This is only a very partial reason for so many housebreakings and burglaries—which are classified as "preventable crimes"—being carried out with impunity.

The major cause of the police ineffectiveness is that the watch system of the country has been almost helplessly weakened because chief constables are devoting an undue proportion of their forces to trapping motorists and enforcing road regulations instead of to their rightful task of protecting private property and preventing and detecting crime.

Even cruising motor patrols in residential areas are largely useless. The housebreaker dreaded the inquisitive policeman on his beat. He has no fear of police cars speeding along the centre of the highway.

A significant feature of the holiday housebreakings of this year has been the large number committed at dwellings where there has been a recent change of occupancy.

This is due to the laxity of house agents. Thieves observe that a house is for sale or to let and, obtaining the keys from the agent for an hour or two, quickly have duplicates made.

They wait until a new occupier arrives and until the family go on holiday.

Seldom are they foiled by the fresh tenant having taken the precaution to change the door locks or latches.

The shock of finding the rooms ransacked on returning from holiday is one that has been experienced this year by a larger number than usual

Hurry for your Atlas

JOHN BULL'S great Presentation of an up-to-date One Guinea Atlas has received a tremendous welcome. It has come right at the time when world events, and especially the European situation, are making it necessary for the well-informed person to consult an up-to-date Atlas every day.

So great is the demand for this work that no further application forms can be published. Readers who have not yet applied must do so *at once*, on the forms published in last week's JOHN BULL, or it will be too late.

The *New Pictorial Atlas*, well worth £1 1s., can be yours for the astounding Presentation price of 2s. 9d., plus 1s. to cover the cost of carriage, packing and insurance. *But only if your hurry.*

This Atlas is the very last word in up-to-the-minute production.

It not only puts the whole world before you in 128 pages of maps printed in nine colours. It includes an 80,000-word gazetteer and an informative 120,000 word story of the earth. Find

Don't miss this amazing offer. Find the reservation forms that appeared last week and post them immediately to reach JOHN BULL by *not* later than Tuesday next, October 1.

The Duchess

chewed a

Feen-a-mint

Feen-a-mint turns gloom and depression into the joy of living, banishing constipation and all poisonous waste matter from the system, which is the cause of that "out-of-sorts" feeling. It is pleasant to take too; the fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. There is no griping or unpleasant after effects; and most important, it is non-habit forming—one of the reasons why

Doctors recommend it

Get a 1/3 packet of Feen-a-mint from your chemist to-day, or for a FREE SAMPLE send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. L.1), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

A NERVOUS WRECK.

Woman's Serious Breakdown.

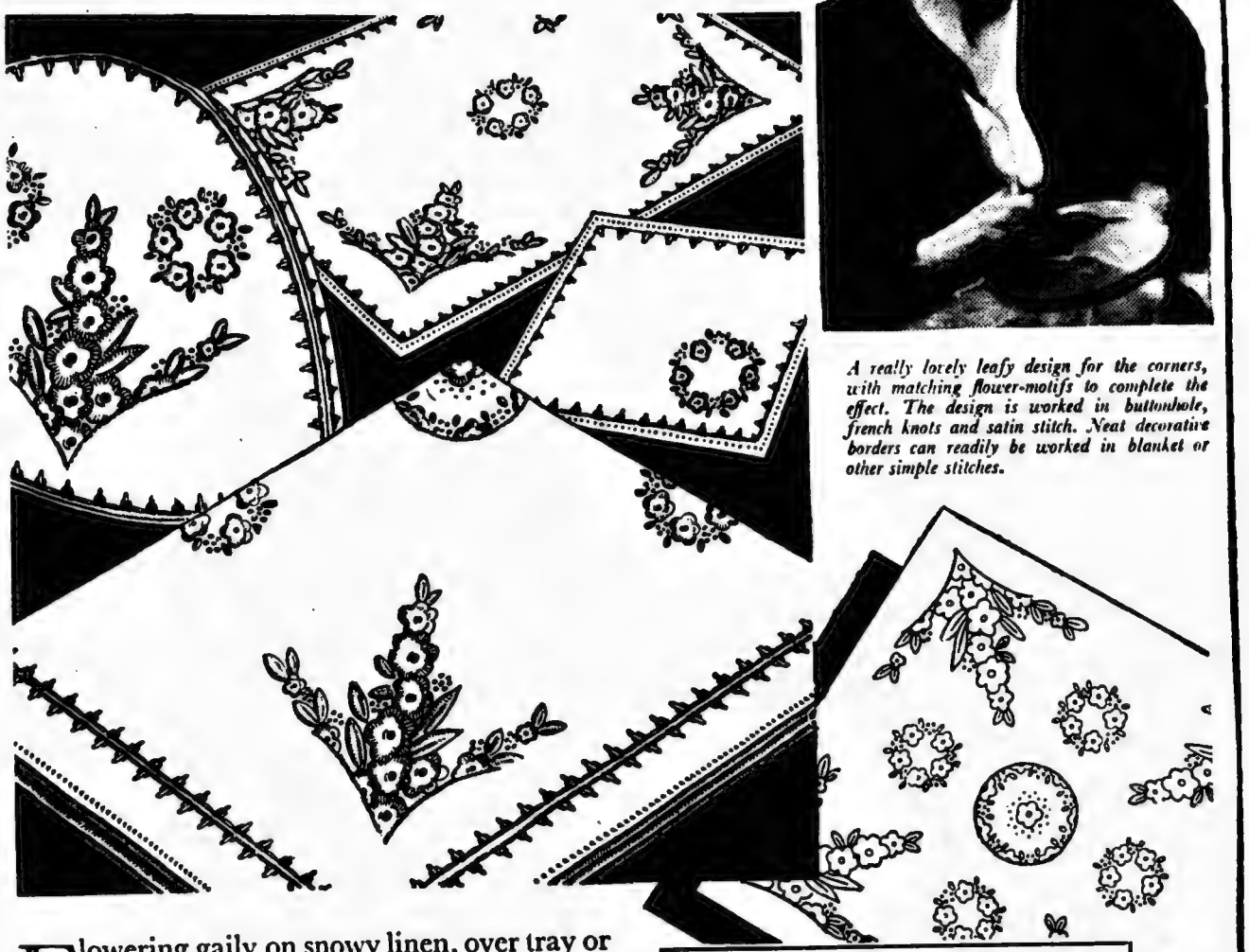
"I was a complete nervous wreck," states Mrs. E. Burrell, of 12, Marriott Road, London, N.10. "Continually depressed and miserable, I often used to sit and cry for no reason at all. I could neither eat nor sleep, and worried about everything. I was too helpless to do my own housework. I lost so much flesh that I became like a skeleton. In addition to headaches, I had pains all over me.

"Then I started taking Dr. Williams pink pills, and soon began to improve; my appetite came back and I felt much happier. Every day saw an improvement and now I feel better than I have ever done in my life. I sleep well; the shocking headaches and pains have disappeared and I can go out and about and enjoy myself."

There is a scientific reason behind the wonderful results obtained from Dr. Williams brand pink pills. In simple language it is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood, and this new blood carries new life and energy to every part of the system.

Get a new zest for life by taking Dr. Williams pink pills—but ask for Dr. Williams; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). If these pills do not benefit you, the proprietors will refund your money.

FREE! *an easily-embroidered* TRANSFER *for your own* TEA-TABLE



A really lovely leafy design for the corners, with matching flower-motifs to complete the effect. The design is worked in buttonhole, french knots and satin stitch. Neat decorative borders can readily be worked in blanket or other simple stitches.

Flowering gaily on snowy linen, over tray or table, this exquisite floral design is a joy to see, and what a pleasure to work! On fine white linen or organdie it will look its very best.

You know it will always be daintily fresh from the wash when starched with Robin. Robin is so easy to use, mixed in a moment, gloss as well—there's nothing to add. Your white things come up really white under the easy-gliding iron—crisp as a snowfall.

ROBIN STARCH

TRANSFER FREE!

A specially designed, easy-to-embroider transfer for this delightful tray or table cloth will be sent free in exchange for the lid (bearing the price) from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or for lids to the amount of 10d. from 5d., 2½d., 1½d., or 1d. packets. Post in a sealed, stamped envelope with this coupon.

POST THIS COUPON

To Pattern Dept., RECKITT & SONS LIMITED, HULL
I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send an embroidery transfer of Table Set R.K.101.
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Address .....

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You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 41.

Sensitive Skins need this comfort

The sure way to keep your skin cool and fresh throughout the summer is to use Cuticura Talcum regularly. This fragrant powder is medicated with balsamic essential oils and has an immediate cooling, soothing effect on the skin. Sprinkle it over the body after the bath, or whenever the skin feels hot and chafed. It absorbs perspiration and keeps the skin cool for hours. Use Cuticura Soap daily to cleanse and refresh the skin and keep it healthy. For rashes, pimples, burning or any skin outbreak, apply Cuticura Ointment.

Sold by all chemists and stores.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS For Clear Healthy Skin

Better Still—try A.G. in the new Automatic Pack

Rolling your own cigarettes pays—in better smokes and saving. But because A.G. are thinner and absolutely pure, you get still better smokes by using A.G., and save more because A.G. don't fizzle away. Now comes the *new* A.G. Automatic Pack—try it. See how well it works. It's the better pack for the better paper, yet it costs no more—so insist on A.G.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

Ten years ago John Scopes was tried in U.S. for teaching the theory that man came from monkeys. The world merely laughed

Trial *that* Rocked the World

TEN years ago the sleepy village of Dayton, Tennessee, U.S.A., staged the famous "Monkey Law" trial that rocked half the world with laughter, and a good deal of it into such a display of religious fervour and fanaticism as has rarely been known.

Dayton has just been celebrating the tenth anniversary of the trial of "Scopes, the infidel," for teaching evolution, and again its walls have been plastered with Fundamentalist texts and Revivalist exhortations.

The actual trial, which put the sun-soaked Main Street of this forgotten village on the map, was a publicity dodge. That is far from being the whole story, but it was the spark that fired the explosion.

In May, 1925, Robinson's drug store in Dayton was exactly the same as a hundred thousand other drug stores up and down the forty-eight States of the U.S.A. It bore the same illuminated signs, sold the same soft drinks and packet goods, and the customers made just the same remarks across its counter. For in small American towns the drug store is the stock exchange of local gossip, as is the public-house in England.

A few weeks later the spotlight of notoriety had picked that one store out and signalled the name of Robinson to the envy of all his fellows.

One morning Mr. Rappleyea, manager of a local coal and iron company, walked into Robinson's waving an advertisement from a newspaper. The clipping said that the American Civil Liberties Union would finance a test case of the Tennessee anti-evolution law.

"Now what we need," said Mr. Rappleyea, "is to find someone who'll admit to teaching evolution. There's publicity in this for Dayton."

Mr. Rappleyea was a modest prophet. Mr. Scopes was listening. "That's easy," he said. "You can't teach biology without teaching evolution. I know, because I do it every day." The very man! A telegram was dispatched immediately. One may almost say the telegram was prophetic, too, for it misspelt the teacher's name as "Scoops"!

Six weeks later Dayton was humming like a hive and the telegraph office was handling more business in an hour than it had done in any previous year. The centre of the stage was occupied by two of America's best-known orators, William Jennings Bryan, Fundamentalist, three times candidate for President, and Secretary of State under Wilson, on the one hand; and on the other Clarence Darrow, Atheist and famous criminal lawyer.

DOTTED about were other famous lawyers, the State Attorney, countless experts, scientists and witnesses from all over the United States. And in the wings, or rather round the ring of the great circus, were hundreds of farmers from the neighbouring countryside. Grim-faced men for the most part, the latter were, swelled up with righteous indignation, and perhaps with a touch of curiosity.

It gets hot in summer-time in Tennessee. During the eight days that the famous trial lasted the temperature was well over ninety in the shade. All were in shirt sleeves; judge, jury, lawyers and even the ministers who inaugurated each session by prayer—at one session a Methodist clergyman presiding, at the next a Presbyterian.

"I want to serve notice now," thundered the Attorney-General, "that in this battle between Religion and Science I am on the side of Religion." He might have added that he was on the side of the Whites against the Blacks.

Whether subconsciously held or not, the greatest contributing factor to the strength of Fundamentalist belief in the South is the colour question. The only basis on which a Christian can pretend to uphold racial discrimination is the belief that God created the white man lord of the earth at the same time that He ordained that birds should fly.

The defence fought hard, but it must be admitted that it failed its cause. It was not Religion *versus* Science that was at stake, but academic freedom opposed by bigotry. Instead of keeping to the latter issue, the defence tried to prove that Scopes had not broken the law.

The law itself is plain. "It shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals and other public schools of the State to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

Bryan, "the silver-tongued," made the most of this. At one point, stretching wide his great arms as though he was crucified, he intoned, "Would they have me believe that I was a worm and writhed in the dust?"

Legally the opposition had a solid case. The Monkey Law itself is unconstitutional, since the Constitutions both of the Federal Government and of the State forbid favouritism in the schools towards any one Church. The fathers of the Constitution were not fanatics. They were Freethinkers or Liberal Christians and they expressly refused to allow the Government to consecrate a text by means of legislation.

But the farmers knew little of the Constitution, and the defence did little to remind them. The doctrine of evolution was everywhere cursed by village clergymen, and Darwin's works were publicly burned up and down the Mississippi valley long after Dayton itself had relapsed into its customary quiet.

FARCE and bitterness were the keynotes of the trial. Darrow mocked at Bryan's "fool religion," and in turn was denounced for wishing "to rob little children of their chance of eternal life." Small boys were brought in to testify that being taught evolution had not hurt them. The Dreamland Circus of Coney Island telegraphed an offer to lend their chimpanzee to the defence as "a missing link."

Dayton became the focal point of the greatest news story of a generation, and requests for more copy poured in from news agencies from every corner of the world. Journalists sat or stood everywhere, scribbling their stories. H. L. Mencken fell off a table and movie men clambered on to others. Somehow the ticking of the telegraph instruments did not lessen the air of suspense which hung in the torrid atmosphere.

The climax came on the sixth day, when the defence suddenly asked that Bryan should be put on the stand as an expert on the Bible. There has probably never been a stranger cross-examination than that then conducted by the shirt-sleeved Darrow.

That day the court had been moved outdoors, where a platform had been built against the courthouse under the maple trees. The outskirts of the crowd stretched far away, and hundreds stood in the baking sunlight.

The two orators faced each other. Darrow with a Bible on his knee. In answer to the questions Bryan affirmed his belief that the world was created about 4004 B.C.; that Eve was literally made out of Adam's rib; that the Tower of Babel was responsible for the diversity of languages; and, finally, made the historic statement that "man was not a mammal."

"Have you discovered where Cain got his wife?" asked Darrow. "No, sir," answered Bryan; "I leave the agnostics to hunt for her."

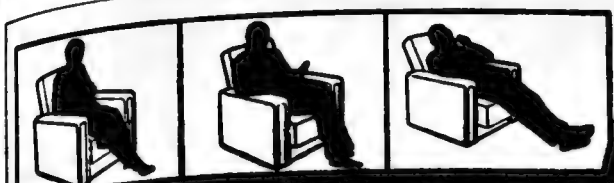
HEAT and tension began to fray tempers, and the encounter became more savage. There was an element of tragedy in it, too. Bryan was an old man and had been much honoured. He should never have gone on the stand to be made a laughing-stock on the subject he held most dear. He felt the humiliation keenly.

The next day the judge mercifully refused to let the "expert" testimony continue, and expunged that of the previous day. Within a week Bryan lay dead, struck down by a haemorrhage.

The whole affair subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. The defence were unable to get any scientific evidence before the jury, and finally Scopes was found guilty and fined a hundred dollars. On appeal the State Supreme Court upheld the anti-evolution law, but freed the teacher, thus preventing further appeal.

Most of the figures of the famous trial are still alive. Rappleyea, who started it all, is now salesman for a Baltimore shipyard. Scopes lives quietly in Kentucky. Darrow went back once to the scene of his triumph, a few years ago. The whole town stopped business to entertain "the infidel" who had put Dayton on the map, and the local Business Club invited him to stay there as long as he desired.

And now again Dayton has been in the headlines. But this time not for long. The "intellectual" to-day is more concerned to know whither Man is going than to argue about whence he came.



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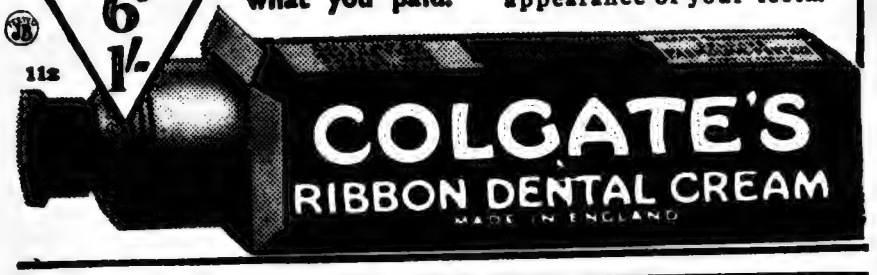
Cleaner, Brighter Teeth..or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy one tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day until it's all used up. Then if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1. and we will refund you twice what you paid.

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by everything you eat and drink and smoke every day. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the stubborn discolourations. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference that these two cleansing actions can make in the appearance of your teeth.

TWO SIZES 6D 1/-



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In a range of styles to suit the requirements of every Trade and Industry.

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WHOLESALE ONLY.

NOW more £££'s than ever for IDEAL CLUB organisers – unbeatable values for members

Owing to tremendous public support, John Noble's famous Ideal Club is enabled to offer organisers commission increased to £2 (including postage) on every £20 Club. Future commission on Clubs of other value than £20 will be proportionate. But values remain the same . . . the very highest quality. Here is a real opportunity to make money. All organisers in future receive fully 10 per cent. of the value of the Club. Don't miss this chance to make Ideal Clubs make money for you. POST COUPON TO-DAY.

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To JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.

Please send me your amazing new book of 392 pages of wonderful bargains. Also send full details of Club Scheme.

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Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.

Aching feet!

Tired, hot and aching feet need only this soothing treatment. A bowl of warm water and a Reckitt's Bath Cube. Dew-soft alkaline water clears and cleanses each pore of the acid waste that causes fatigue. Pain and inflammation flow out as if charmed away.

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

Try the "Pine" sort for your feet

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

WONDERFUL NEWS FOR WORRIED MOTHERS.

Something Better Than Cod Liver Oil for Frail Kiddies.

If you've always wanted to give your children Cod Liver Oil but refrained because they couldn't swallow it, here's news! Doctors have found your solution—little sugar-coated tablets called Clotabs, as easy to take as sweets, and full of the natural vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil which scientists now know is even better than Cod Liver Oil.

Clotabs are simply wonderful for children who are weak or delicate or puny, and they're absolutely guaranteed to put on at least 3lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month or you get your money back.

Here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 2lbs. of sturdy flesh. Another little boy at Newark who could not gain weight after Tubercular Peritonitis gained 3½lbs. in 3 weeks, his appetite increased and he became "happy and vigorous."

Just ask your chemist for a bottle of Clotabs, only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Remember, if they don't put on 3lbs. in a month—money back!

STOMACH PAINS ARE WARNING SIGNALS

Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like—wind, gas, flatulence, distension; you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals. This powder, known as the "signature" brand because every bottle carries the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN," has been the salvation of thousands. Never a day passes without a fresh tribute to its benefit being received by Macleans Ltd. Don't delay another day if your stomach is causing you anxiety. The "signature" brand will soon put you right. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles, in cartons. Powder and tablets. Never sold loose.

Fortune in the Shop Window

"THE average woman to-day spends one-sixth of her life in shopping. The result is that women have become keen critics of shopping comfort and artistic display. They are put off, and sent elsewhere, by a badly dressed window or inferior showroom."

Those are words spoken at St. Austell last week by Sir Francis Goodenough, who was President of the Government Committee on Education for Salesmanship.

We print them not only because they express the view of one of the greatest business authorities in this country but because they could not have been uttered at a more appropriate moment.

They are a striking endorsement of the need for "John Bull's" great new National Window Display Contest, which begins on October 1.

Brighter and better shops and more attractive shop windows are urgently needed to-day if the greater amount of money now in circulation through restored pay-cuts and improved employment is to find its way over the counters and so keep the good ship *Industry* going full speed ahead.

That is why we have chosen this vital moment to launch our Contest, which is open to every *bona-fide* trader.

IN this Contest, the third of its kind sponsored by JOHN BULL, is offered the world's record prize of £1,000—the largest award ever made for a window display—and over 1,000 cash and other awards. It is a crusade for better trade that will stir the imagination of everyone concerned in retailing, which, to-day, ranks as the nation's major industry.

And, with JOHN BULL's typical insistence on fair-play, it is an outstanding feature of this Contest that every shop, large and small, competes on absolutely equal terms.

There is no entrance fee of any kind, no restrictions, no irksome and elaborate rules. Gigantic as the competition is in its scope it is simplicity itself.

All the shopkeeper is asked to do is to select any single product advertised in JOHN BULL *between October 1 and December 31 and make a special display of that product in his window for not less than one week at any time during that period. He then sends in a photograph of his display to* JOHN BULL.

"John Bull's" Shopping Sign—a pointer to better times

And, of course, the shopkeeper may make as many different weekly displays as he chooses during the course of the competition, thus enhancing his prize-winning opportunities.

It is possible for the smallest shop window in the land to win the record first prize of £1,000 cash—for the smallest shopkeeper to win a nice fortune that will enable him to expand his business "nearer to his heart's desire."

The size of a window is not the secret of good window-dressing. Nor will the judges in this competition be influenced by size in any way.

No flamboyant displays costing a lot of money and a tremendous amount of time and trouble are necessary. Indeed, the shopkeeper, if he wishes, may devote only a part of his window to the JOHN BULL display.

The points that JOHN BULL judges will look for are attractiveness, originality, the power of the display to draw the attention of the public, and the prominence given to the goods displayed.

MILLIONS will be looking out for the arresting "Stop—Look—Buy!" circles that will appear on the windows of the shops entering for the Contest and which are part of the outfit sent with every Entry Form.

JOHN BULL's own readers will be on the alert, day in and day out, for their *own shops*—as they call them—and their interest alone will be a tremendous aid to sales.

A unique feature of the competition is that it *gets customers into the shop.* For JOHN BULL is also running, at the same time, a fascinating competition for shoppers, as mentioned on this page.

"£100 Reward" is being offered for the best Slogan sent in by a member of the public for a product displayed in connection with JOHN BULL's Window Display Contest. £1 prizes are also being given for slogans published in JOHN BULL each week during the Contest. Slogans must be sent in on Entry Forms, obtainable free on request wherever a JOHN BULL Window Display is shown.

This "Customer Contest," which is called "Shopping Slogans," will add still further to the widespread interest that our crusade for brighter shop windows will arouse.

NEVER has there been planned such a detailed, such an ambitious, such an all-round and well-organised assault for more and better business than this. The service beyond it is perfect.

Shopkeepers should begin planning their displays at the earliest possible moment if they wish to make a bold bid for the £1,000—with another 1,000 prize opportunities for the runners-up.

As a start, a selection may be made from the articles advertised in JOHN BULL this week. Watch JOHN BULL weekly throughout this Contest and select for display the articles advertised in its pages

We are particularly anxious that retailers in the smaller towns and villages shall join in. Once again we assure them that every shop in the land, from the smallest to the largest, has an equal opportunity.

All retailers who sign the Application Coupon on page 20 will receive by return their Free Entry Form, full details and the necessary entry material to compete forthwith.

A simple idea may win that £1,000 prize. Turn to page 20 at once and send your application now.

Send your Slogan!

In connection with the National Window Display Contest described on this page JOHN BULL is conducting a simple and fascinating Competition which *every* reader can enter.

A prize of £100 cash will be paid to the sender of the best advertising slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with the JOHN BULL Window Display Contest sign between October 1 and December 31.

In addition a selection of slogans received each week will be published in JOHN BULL, and the sender of each will receive £1.

Entry Forms can be obtained at any of the shops where you see the JOHN BULL sign between now and December 31.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Open Eyes

DESPITE the fact that it isn't the first day of the New Year, make a good resolution this week. Resolve to wake up your mind. Resolve to open your eyes.

Maybe you think you are already awake, and that your eyes are already wide open? There's an easy test. Look back at the week that has just gone and count the chances you have missed. Add up the opportunities you have let slip.

You'll get the shock of your life if you are honest with yourself. There isn't one of us who is really awake and alert. There isn't one of us who hasn't, this last week, failed to see the Golden Chance, failed to grasp an opportunity that might have changed the whole course of our lives.

We all of us spend most of the time looking at the world with what someone once called "owl's eyes." They may see, but they do not observe. If they do see, they see through a film, dimly and darkly and without any real idea of what it is that they are looking at.

Don't you believe it? Think for a few minutes about what you have done—and about what you might have done if you had seen things a bit clearer from time to time. Inside sixty seconds you will be saying: "Well, it's certainly true that if only I had . . ."

If you could have done, and didn't, then it's all true. You walked past goldmines with your eyes shut. You saw treasure houses and went the other way. You watched chances slip by and opportunities vanish.

There are always more opportunities than there are men with enough courage to make use of them. You can't "take a chance" unless you have pluck.

And the answer to it all is very simple. If you must bet—bet on yourself!

DISCOVERED *by science— important soap facts*

Who hasn't felt fagged and grimy after strenuous hours in the open—with a gay evening ahead? This is just one of the many times during the day when you will want to freshen up with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. You'll like Wright's for it's a balanced soap, made from finer ingredients. Used by more physicians than any other brand. Wright's is the *only* toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of the Institute of Hygiene. It cleanses the skin safely and completely and banishes all trace of perspiration odour. You can use it, too, as often as you wish, in hard water or soft, and never need worry about roughened or irritated skin. For Wright's costlier and balanced materials protect you. 6d for the new, larger tablet. 1/6 in boxes of three.

Wright's costlier materials protect your skin.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST FOR MILDNESS—TOUCH A TABLET WITH TIP OF TONGUE. NOTE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF BURNING OR SOUR CAUSTIC TASTE COMMON TO CHEAP SOAPS

Protection is assured by the better balance of Wright's

A B WRIGHT'S C D E F

Preference of Doctors explained

From the famous research laboratory of Professor A. M. Low, A.C., G.I., D.SC., F.C.S., come facts that reveal clearly the marked superiority and safety of Wright's Coal Tar Soap over cheaper brands. If you are interested in getting value for your money, in safeguarding health and beauty, write for

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

"The Truth about Soap" by Prof. A. M. Low to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Dept. Y9, 44-50 Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

WRIGHT'S Lifts AWAY THE DIRT

To increase your Physical and Vital Forces!

The prolonging of youthfulness and the increase of resistance to physical decline are the subject of unceasing medical research. There is a growing conviction that 'old age' is a disease susceptible to treatment.

The researches in this direction conducted by E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, are well-known. It is recognised that 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets are the authentic product of his researches and that they have been submitted to conclusive tests.

The rejuvenating, revitalizing effect of these tablets is therefore not hearsay, but a scientifically established fact, confirmed by countless thousands of people.

If you are 'feeling your age,' the revitalizing, rejuvenating effect of 'Phyllosan' tablets will astonish you. 'Phyllosan' tablets are the brand tablets sold by Natural Chemicals Ltd., and are prepared according to the formula and under the direction of E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne. They contain no harmful drugs, and are non-constipating.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' Regd.

BRAND OF CHLOROPHYLL

TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all Chemists, 3/-, 5/-, and Family Size, 20/-

The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size

FREE BOOK! Our new book *"Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility"* explains how modern science is dealing with the problems of Abnormal Blood Pressure, Arteriosclerosis, Heart Weakness, Anæmia, Revitalization, and Rejuvenation. Women, particularly, should read pages 14 & 15.

COUPON To NATURAL CHEMICALS LTD., (Dept. 47) 28 St. John's Lane, E.C.1

Please send me a copy of your book: "Revitalization and Rejuvenation a Modern Possibility."

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 19.9.35.

Write in BLOCK LETTERS please. Post in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp.

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan,' which is the property and denotes the products of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-SIK' *Brand Tablets*

STOPS PAIN!

HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, COLDS, 'FLU, etc.

Eases every pain in a few minutes. Cures Colds in a night. No after-effects—cannot harm the heart. Safe for children. Sold everywhere—3d., 6d., 2/3, 3/-, 5/-.

NEVER HARMS THE HEART

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

BEVERLEY This beautifully tailored Coat is produced in a thoroughly dependable All Wool Cloth of an extremely tasteful weave. It is in fashionable semi-fitting style, with panel back, mitred scarf collar, and jetted pockets, and the sleeves are trimmed with Silvered Opossum fur—a new and attractive feature. The garment is lined throughout with Artificial Silk Twill to tone. Shades: Nigger, Mulberry, Bottle, Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. **43/6**

Terms: 6/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

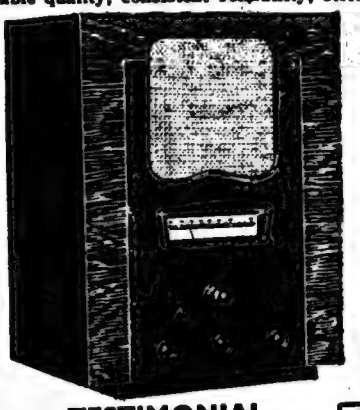
Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Coats, Costumes, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

6/- Monthly

I Guarantee my 1936 BATTERY & ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO SETS to be the BEST VALUE! Peto-Scott

WHY? Because I deal direct with you and save you pounds in middlemen's profits. Because my specialised experience in Radio began in 1919, as one of the first Marconi Licensees. And because each customer has my personal Guarantee of complete satisfaction, unquestionable quality, consistent reliability, strict privacy and fair dealing in all H.P. transactions.



5/- BRINGS YOU one of THESE AMAZING 1936 RECEIVERS DOWN

Peto-Scott 1936 SCREENED GRID BATTERY 3

Amazing tone and volume. Wonderful range and adjustable selectivity. Peto-Scott 1936 Concert Grand Moving-Coil Speaker. British Valves of Guaranteed life: Screened Grid High Frequency, high efficiency detector, pentode output. Latest screened wavewound coils. Illuminated Full vision scale. Long and Medium Waves operated by no-trouble switch. Air spaced Tuning Condenser, including Oldham 120 volt Battery and 8v. Clock Indicator Accumulator. Aerial equipment. Walnut cabinet illustrated. Ready to play. Cash or C.O.D. **£6:12:6**

5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 8/3. Carr. Paid.

STRAIGHT BATTERY 3 MODEL

Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid £4:19:6, or 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 6/-

ALL ELECTRIC A.C. BANDPASS S.G.4.

Receives foreign stations with purity of tone and volume. High Fidelity 1936 Moving-Coil Speaker. British Valves of Guaranteed Life. Metallised Variable-Mu H.F. Pentode, detector, pentode output and rectifying valves. Output 4 watts. 200-550 and 900-2100 metres. no-trouble switch. A.C. mains 200-250 volts, 40/100 cycles. Walnut cabinet illustrated. Aerial equipment. Ready to play. Cash or C.O.D. Carriage Paid, £7:7:0, or 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 9/3.

TESTIMONIAL

Mr. W. L., Walthamstow, E.17, writes:—"I DO NOT THINK YOUR ADVERTISEMENT DOES JUSTICE TO IT. It is simply splendid. Stations roll in . . . I am more than satisfied. The tone is simply splendid, and I do not think that the severest of critics could find any fault with the Model."

PETO-SCOTT Co. Ltd. 77 (J.B.1), City Road, London, E.C.1.

West End Showrooms: 62 (J.B.1.), High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Please send me your 20-page Art Catalogue of Peto-Scott 1936 "Factory to Fireside" Mains and Battery Radio.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... J.B.1

Send for my FREE Catalogue!

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTH PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS

SAVES TEETH

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains a special substance that *positively clears up gum conditions that would otherwise lead to gingivitis, pyorrhœa and wholesale extraction of teeth.*

Dentists have used for years the essential element of Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste and know it to be unequalled in the treatment of Pyorrhœa and predisposing conditions. But never before, until Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste was introduced, was this substance available in a form suitable for the daily home use so vital to complete success. You can be certain of results from Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste. Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste definitely arrests and prevents Pyorrhœa; neutralises toxins and destroys harmful germs; heals and restores infected gums, purifies the mouth. Teeth become firm in their sockets and surprisingly white. The entire mouth refreshed and the breath sweet.

Use as Tooth Paste and for gum massage. Buy your Tube of Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste to-day.

—*Ask Your Dentist!*

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste obtainable from Qualified Chemists only. Price 1/3 per large tube

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"Long Live the Teeth!" a veritable little mine of information on this important subject, worth its weight in diamonds for the time, money and pain it can save you. Free and post free, without obligation. Only a limited number of copies. Secure yours NOW. Send postcard, at once, with name and address to (Dept. 3 v.) D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., London, E.1.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.19.6 or £1/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Supplied Red or Black as desired

J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

JOHN KNIGHT LTD

HOW NURSE SAVED BAD SEPTIC FINGER

"I have used T.C.P. Solution constantly for 7 years, and find that there is nothing that can take its place," writes Miss M., Head Nurse in a large Engineering Works.

"A man came to me in the Works with a very bad SEPTIC FINGER, and was told at the hospital they would have to amputate the first joint, it had gone to the bone. He asked me if I would dress it for him with T.C.P. I took the case on, and **in less than three weeks it was well again, and thus I saved his finger.**"

T.C.P. Solution

The New Antiseptic Discovery

Now recommended and prescribed by Doctors for SEPTIC WOUNDS and CUTS, BOILS, ULCERS and ABSCESSES. Amazing cleansing and healing action. Relieves pain instantly Thousands of testimonials. Try it to-day. **Full directions with every bottle of T.C.P. Solution, 1 3d. and 3/- from all Chemists.**

THE MAN who *Walks through* FIRE!

Kuda Bux discussing his fire-walking feat with medical men, beside the blazing pit they saw him cross

SCIENCE hesitates to acknowledge what it is unable to explain. But to doubt what lies beyond the realm of scientific explanation is not the same thing as to prove its non-existence.

For example, it is a simple scientific fact that if you place living flesh in contact with fire, the result is painful injury.

What, then, are we to think about the performance of Kuda Bux?

This young Indian walked barefoot along a trench twelve feet long into which a ton of firewood, oak charcoal and ten gallons of paraffin had gone to the making of a fire 800 deg. Fahrenheit at the surface.

Such a temperature is enough to incinerate flesh in a few moments.

And what happened?

The young Indian walked this fiery path twice without the slightest injury to the soles of his feet..

But perhaps he had covered his soles with a secret protective substance?

Both before and after his amazing performance Kuda Bux's feet were carefully examined by Professor Pannet, director of the Surgical Unit of St. Thomas's Hospital.

No faking, said the professor, could he detect, and, after the ordeal by fire, no injury, even of the slightest kind.

Dramatic proof

Kuda Bux, then, possesses some secret which makes him immune from the ordinary physical laws applicable to ordinary people.

This truth was dramatically brought home to the spectators of last week's demonstration at Carshalton, when two medical men from St. Thomas's Hospital attempted the feat for themselves and were severely burned directly they stepped on to the fiery footway.

This is, perhaps, the most thorough-going and scientific test ever made into this well-known Indian trick—if trick it be.

Some of the astutest scientific minds in London saw, in Surrey (not at the other end of the earth), a feat performed in seeming defiance of natural law.

And thus, inevitably arises the question: Are all those other strange Indian feats, generally discredited, facts—but facts beyond any scientific explanation to-day?

The truth would appear to be that there exists a whole range of well-attested facts that challenge successfully the known laws of nature, facts which science reluctantly admits but cannot explain.

How does the fakir produce, within a few moments, from beneath his pot and scarf, a flourishing mango tree where before there was but a seed?

No mesmerism

Many Europeans have seen this trick, but nobody has yet come forward with any plausible explanation of it.

The fabled feat of the rope trick, in which the fakir, having cast a rope into the air, causes it to stiffen and bear the weight of a climbing boy who vanishes in thin air, has led for years to heated controversy.

Some assert that it has never been done. Others describe how they saw it done. Others, again, go so far as to offer an explanation.

The fakir, they say, mesmerises his audience.

But that simple and easy explanation meets neither such feats as those of Kuda Bux nor of the famous fakir Blakaman.

Ask science, and you will be told that no human being can live without air. But Blakaman apparently did it, not once, but hundreds of times.

Blakaman submitted to complete and thorough burial in a coffin placed well underground and buried. And he remained thus not for hours, but for days.

How did he contrive to suspend the universal law that lays it down that death must follow failure of air supply to the human body?

Nobody knows, though science has grudgingly suggested one explanation: that this man, and others like him, fell into a self-induced trance and, being thus utterly still, required no more air than was available in their temporary coffins.

That explanation may well be true, for once Blakaman stayed too long sealed up before a large audience in an Argentine theatre. When the coffin was opened he was found to be dead.

The body in perfect health does not die without cause that can be demonstrated by medical science. . . Thus say the doctors. But, again, the facts are against such orthodoxy.

In India there is a by no means uncommon custom practised by native servants, the truth of which has been vouched for by Rudyard Kipling, among many others.

The Indian servant has suffered an indignity or injustice and has appealed in vain for redress. Promptly he lies down at the door of his master's bungalow and there he is found dead.

Why has he died? In such cases medical science can find no physical cause of death. And perhaps for the good reason that there is none.

Can it be possible to *will* one's death? So far that is the best explanation that has been forthcoming to account for the uncanny facts.

Fake—or facts?

Take, again, the queer facts about divining, for so long derided as mere fake by men of science.

Is it possible for a man, armed with a hazel twig, to locate springs of water and even secreted metals?

Put this question to any man who has pioneered in colonies where water means life, and he will, as likely as not, firmly assert the infallibility of the diviner or "dowser."

He is not concerned about science—all he knows is that he has seen the twig twist in the diviner's hand, has dug there and found water.

Not long ago a very striking experiment was carried out at Plymouth.

Mr. A. J. Caddie, curator of the Plymouth Museum, decided to test the claims of Mr. C. Stone, a local "dowser."

Several gold articles were secreted and the "dowser" set to find them. This he did—much to the astonishment of the watching committee.

Fakes or facts?

That such things are nobody can really doubt. One day, perhaps, science will be able to explain. But that day is not yet.

What gave Kuda Bux immunity from a fierce fire?

Nobody can say, for, perhaps naturally, the uncanny Indian declines to yield up the secret which invests him with this strange and awe-inspiring power.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Rhubarb is at 1d. a MUNCH."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"She was on the verge of a complete METAL collapse."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"—— received a telephone MASSAGE."

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS:—"The Prime Minister has returned to PRANCE."

THE BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—". . . micro-waves will never be of real use for BREADCASTING."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—". . . has ordered a twin screw turbine STREAM from the —— Shipbuilding Company."

TIT-BITS:—"Shortly afterwards he overtook a cart, the back of which he saw for a MINUET and a half."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . and to extend UNEMPLOYMENT to agricultural and all other workers regardless of income."

Suffered from Anæmia—but MORE IRON gave her health and strength

So long as your blood is IRON-STARVED, you will be physically weak and mentally depressed. You will suffer from frequent headaches and 'nerves', have indigestion, poor appetite, and you will sleep badly.

Iron-starved blood is poor blood. Has no 'life' in it. Does not supply your body with the proper amount of energising elements. That is why you have no energy, tire so quickly, so easily get run-down.

To increase your physical and mental vigour, you must strengthen your blood with MORE IRON.

Iron 'Jelloids' made her a different woman in a week

Medical tests have proved that the quickest, surest and safest way to do this is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.' Taken three times a day, Iron 'Jelloids' will make a wonderful improvement in your health. Soon you will sleep soundly, enjoy your food, and feel vigorously healthy and strong. Iron 'Jelloids' *do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion.* Everyone can afford them.

Her Letter says:

"I suffered from ANAEMIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA, and a general run-down feeling, which brought on more serious complications. After seeing four Doctors, the last advised 'Iron Jelloids.' In a week I was a DIFFERENT WOMAN and after taking two boxes was QUITE MYSELF AGAIN. I now enjoy better health than I have done for years." (Mrs.) D. C.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

FOR WOMEN: No. 2 The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1 Every growing child should be given a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

ALL-WAVE RADIO AT NO EXTRA COST!

DANCE TO NEW YORK BANDS

♦

HEAR HITLER·STALIN·MUSSOLINI ON THE EUROPEAN CRISIS *(in English)*

♦

100 MORE SHORT WAVE STATIONS FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM!

At last the day of ALL-wave radio has arrived for the ordinary listener. This new Vidor Receiver enables you to search the globe for entertainment . . . AND YET IT COSTS NO MORE!

The **BATTERY RECEIVER £8·8s**

THE MAINS RECEIVER £10·10s

All wavelengths on one set! Your Home stations . . . your favourite Continentals . . . and then at the turn of a switch you are listening across the earth to all those Short Wave stations on which the world's exclusive news is given—to broadcasts which you can never hear on any ordinary radio set. You can listen to America direct if you wish—to Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, sending their news and views to the English-speaking peoples—to the outposts of the Empire where Short Wave radio is the only means of communication.

If we have whetted your appetite for All Wave listening, send *to-day* for the beautiful 2-colour Vidor brochure, which gives you a full list of the Short Wave stations broadcasting and a world time-chart, which adds to your listening interests. It is FREE—post the coupon NOW.

FREE 2 COLOUR BROCHURE TELLS YOU ALL THE EXTRA STATIONS

POST COUPON TO-DAY

VIDOR ALL WAVE RECEIVER

To Advt. Dept.,
VIDOR LTD., ERITH, KENT.
Please send me your Brochure on All-Wave Radio—FREE!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... J.B.1

ALL ABOUT BABY

IN THE FAMOUS "LITTLE RED BOOK"

Everyone loves a baby! But the bonny, laughing baby is the one that attracts attention and wins praise and envy for the proud Mother.

The secrets of sturdy health and happy disposition are to be found in Steedman's famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," as generations have found to their profit and delight.

In this little book every bothersome baby ailment is dealt with in simple form. Advice as to symptoms and treatment, and guidance as to what to do in cases of accident or serious illness while awaiting the doctor.

As to Steedman's Powders themselves, it is hardly necessary to reiterate their wonderful properties.

Made especially for childhood's years, they promote healthy regularity, banishing constipation and its attendant ills, purifying the blood stream and keeping it cool. From teething time until twelve years of age there is no safer or gentler aperient.

These famous powders can be obtained everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder. When buying, look for the double EE, which protects your little one's health.

And the "Hints to Mothers" booklet is free and post free if you send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES

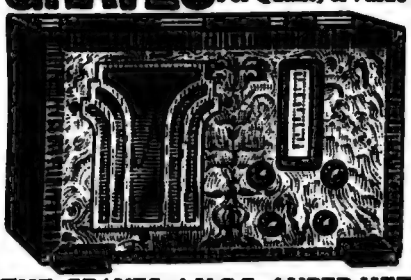
No circumstances can disturb the hair of the man who uses Julysia! The "Cream of Hairdressings" sets the hair gently but firmly and it doesn't soil hat-bands or pillows. Try this refreshingly different hair-cream to-day. *Get a bottle from your Chemist, Hairdresser, Stores, or any branch of Boots Chemists.*

1/- and 1/6 Per Bottle
Sample size 6d.
A product of Jules Freres Ltd., London, S.E.17.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

The Cream of Hairdressings

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



THE GRAVES A.V.C.5. SUPER-HET ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER is an immensely powerful long-range Set, built to operate on any Electric Light (A.C.) Circuit, and offered at a world challenging price on the Easiest and Fairest Terms of payment ever made

It is the last word in Radio excellence, having many exclusive features and possessing ample capacity to maintain the highest quality reception at any desired strength. Simple to control and operate. 5-Valve circuit of unsurpassed efficiency with fully delayed & amplified system of Automatic Volume Control. Provided with Noise Suppressor Switch. Full Vision Illuminated Tuning Scale. Variable Tone Compensation. Large Capacity Moving Coil Loud Speaker. British Valves. Terminals for Gramophone and Extension Loud Speaker. Beautifully marked walnut cabinet in two shades. Size: 21 x 12½ x 9½ins. The Outfit is Complete in every respect including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Securely packed and Carriage Paid to destination. **£12.12.0**

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The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

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If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

Full Truth I'D Like Told

WHAT is the truth behind the rent ramp?

Returning to a district where I had lived before the war, I was amazed to find houses which formerly let at four and five shillings a week now being let at ten and even fifteen shillings weekly.

Many of the unfortunate tenants have all they can do to provide food and necessaries after paying the landlord, and, in consequence, are poorly nourished and fall easy victims to illness and disease.

It is a matter of profound regret to me to find corporations and councils more concerned with by-pass roads than cheap and attractive houses for the working man.—*D. P., S.W.20.*

How Many Times?

As a frequent visitor to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, I have noted with dismay the rows upon rows of empty seats among the Members' benches at times when quite important debates are going on.

The next time there is an appeal to the country, I would like the constituents to ascertain from their former Members their percentage of attendance in the House, and to ask their new prospective candidates how often they propose to attend.

In this way we should discover whether the new Members are really sincerely interested in their country's welfare.—*Miss I. B., Portsmouth.*

Reforms Needed

During the past twenty years the death-rate from tuberculosis, smallpox, scarlet fever and practically every other disease has been more than halved. But the death-rate of mothers in childbirth has risen considerably.

What is the real truth behind this greatest of tragedies? Why, since medical science has made such vast strides in other branches of healing, has it so lamentably failed to make child-bearing easy and reasonably safe?

An investigation into the real truth might lead to reforms which would make the lot of expectant mothers easier to bear.—*E. P., Dudley.*

Forewarned

To children about to enter a fresh sphere of their lives on leaving school to commence a career or occupation, which will influence their future actions.

The temptations and evils which, unfortunately, arise, are very numerous and often lead to the downfall of these future citizens, who are entitled to know the truth of such enticements.

Where ignorance is sometimes bliss, to be forewarned is to be forearmed.—*"Parent," Somerset.*

Too Long Hidden

Russia, that land of mystery, where a great experiment is veiled in the darkness of a powerful censorship. Hailed on the one hand as an example of perfect government, it is assailed on the other as tyrannous control over a suffering people.

Somewhere between the extremes of opinion held by different political parties, the truth lies awaiting broadcast to the world.

As a student of human development or

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, October 1.

When My Conscience Said "No"

decadence, I would appreciate the opportunity to learn the unvarnished truth on a subject too long hidden from the world. —*E. H., Camden Town.*

Enlightened

What is the real truth concerning vivisection? I want to know what really goes on—if much suffering is entailed, and, above all, is any real good done by this work?

One hears so much about it, both of the necessity and good gained by it, and that there is much needless pain, that the cold truth would be enlightening, to say the least.—*J. M., Drumblade.*

Unwelcome Publicity, if—

For months I have tried to elucidate a problem which, if unsolved, must force me during the coming year through the publicity of the Divorce Court.

Why, after years of joyous happiness, did my husband leave me to go to the arms of a woman noted for her prest intrigues? What is the secret of charm that can hold him from his belo home and from the adoration of schoolboy-son?

How can he find satisfaction in attachment that must condemn his lo ones to a loneliness more than death *"Wondering," Shrewsbury.*

Tell Them

I would make it compulsory fo all scout and youth movements t tell youth the truth about war, a part of their training. Fathers ar unwilling to remind themselves o the horrors they saw and under went, by talking of them.

Consequently, if leaders—usuall admired and respected by youth—told of the men still in hospit after seventeen years, and tha glory is but warmongers' bunkum they would appreciate that thei training was towards good citizen-ship, not merely soldiering, an that war is only a last awful resor against attack. — *"Old Sweat," Chelsea.*

No Excuse

The real reason for the niggar stipends so many of our clergy receive, is a poor reflection on our churches th the salaries paid are, in hundreds of ca totally inadequate. Someone must responsible for it. Who is it?

Doctors get reasonable recompense tending the physically sick, and righ so. But surely the welfare of spiritual existence is just as important

There can be no possible excuse—t churches are wealthy and can afford pay, and I, for one, would gladly welco the truth in the important matter *E. B., Cardiff.*

We Could Judge

I should like to know the whole tru about the armaments traffic. At prese most of the details of this industry absolutely secret.

If we knew the names of shareholde we could see what influence they ex in the Press or Government circles.

Of all trades, this traffic in weapons destruction should be brought into searching light of day.—*J. H. Salop.*

Vital Questions

I should very much like to hear truth about farming. Some people that it is not paying; yet my friends w are farmers are certainly making han some profits.

Again, can we grow enough wheat feed our own people? Thousands mo acres could be cultivated.

These are vital questions, but opinio are so divided that it is difficult to the truth.—*"Mabel," Midlands.*

Would We?

I'd like to know, every time an Honou List is published, what exactly the ofte mentioned "public and philanthropi services really are.

Are they contributions to hospitals Party Funds, or to charities?

And if the full truth were told, wou we accord to bearers of honours t respect we do now? I wonder!—*W. S.E.26.*

Delight to Millions

Why does Charlie Chaplin refuse "talk"? I am sure the full truth abo the reason for the strange silence of t great "star" has still to be told.

A "talkie" by him would bring h more fame and fortune than any two p tures he has yet made, besides delight millions of his admirers the world ov

The reason put forward someti about his poor talking voice won't ho water the perfect recording appliance now accommodate themselves to any sc of voice. Millions would be thrilled that "silent" comedian's voice—why he dumb?—*B. H., Brighton.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 28

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LIVERPOOL v. W.B. Albion.
*(2) MANCHESTER C. v. Portsmouth.
(3) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Everton.
*(4) WEDNESDAY v. Preston.
(5) Stoke v. ARSENAL.
(6) Wolverhampton v. Brentford.
(7) Villa v. DERBY COUNTY.
(8) Blackburn v. Birmingham.
(9) Chelsea v SUNDERLAND.
**(10) GRIMSBY v. Leeds.
*(11) HUDDERSFIELD v. Bolton.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) NEWCASTLE v. Fulham.
(2) Norwich v. Sheffield U.
(3) FOREST v. Bradford.
*(4) PLYMOUTH v. Charlton.
(5) SOUTHAMPTON v. Manchester U.
*(6) HOTSPUR v. Port Vale.
(7) BARNSLEY v. Hull City.
*(8) BLACKPOOL v. Leicester.
(9) Bradford City v. Burnley.
(10) Bury v. WEST HAM.
(11) DONCASTER v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Torquay.
(2) Northampton v. Bristol R.
(3) Q.P. Rangers v. Coventry.
*(4) READING v. Luton.
(5) SOUTHEND v. Orient.
(6) Watford v. SWINDON.
(7) BRIGHTON v. Newport.
(8) BRISTOL C. v. Aldershot.
(9) CARDIFF v. Bournemouth.
**(10) C. PALACE v. Notts.
(11) EXETER v. Gillingham.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) NEW BRIGHTON v. Accrington.
(2) OLDHAM v. Halifax.
(3) Rochdale v. Lincoln.
(4) ROTHERHAM v. Gateshead.
**(5) WREXHAM v. Darlington.
(6) York City v. Chester.
**(7) BARROW v. Southport.
(8) Carlisle v. Stockport.
(9) CHESTERFIELD v. Crewe.
(10) Hartlepools v. Walsall.
(11) MANSFIELD v. Tranmere.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

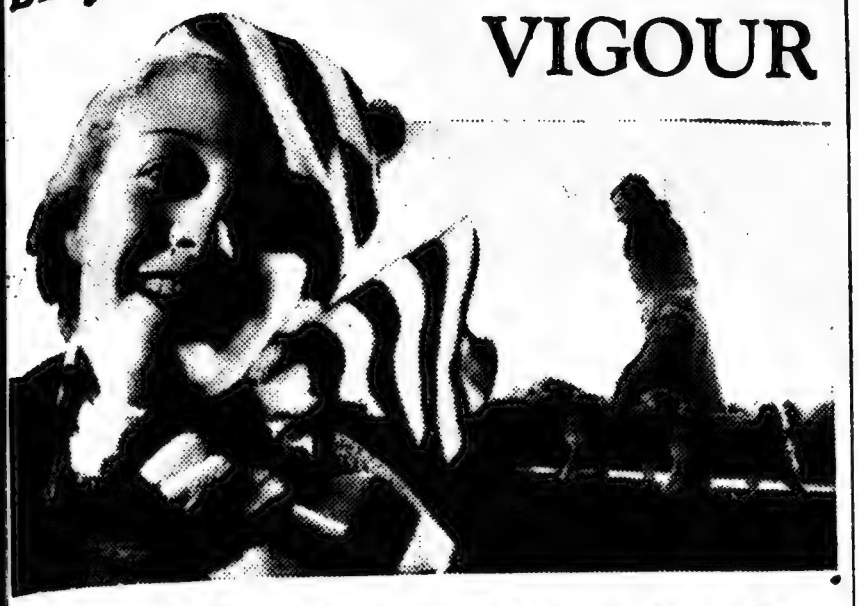
**(1) DUNFERMLINE v. Clyde.
(2) HIBERNIAN v. Kilmarnock.
(3) Motherwell v Rangers.
(4) PARTICK v. Albion.
(5) Third Lanark v. Aberdeen.
(6) AIRDRIE v. St. Johnstone.
(7) ARBROATH v. Queen's Park.
(8) Ayr v. HAMILTON.
*(9) CELTIC v. Hearts.
(10) DUNDEE v. Queen of South.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*A*); Southern Section—10 (*H*); Northern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Grimsby, West Ham, Crystal Palace, Barrow and Dunfermline.

ENJOY AUTUMN VIGOUR



BANISH NERVY DEPRESSION

"I know the wonderful difference the return of happy vigour makes to those afflicted with nerve strain, as I am sure I would have collapsed through the agony of nerve pains in the head, and other nerve troubles, if it had not been for Phosferine. Everything I tried was useless until a friend advised me to try Phosferine, and so I found the *right* remedy. A few doses of Phosferine relieved and steadied my nerves, and restored drooping energy until I feel I look better than ever before. It is invaluable for rebuilding good health in times of strain and stress, and splendid for creating an appetite and makes one feel full of outdoor energy."

Miss A. Willson, 11, South Preston Terrace, Albion Rd., North Shields.

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PHOSFERINE

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza	Gastric Pains	Sleeplessness	Rheumatism	Neuralgia
Lassitude	Debility	Exhaustion	Headache	Maternity Weakness
Brain Fag	Indigestion	Nerve Shock	Sciatica	Anæmia

From Chemists, Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

SUFFERER FROM PILES FOR 25 YEARS. NOW QUITE CURED.

That is the happy experience of Mr. W. P. S., of Long Eaton, who writes:—"I have been a great sufferer for the past 25 years, and have tried almost every supposed cure for rectal trouble. Some two months ago I had the worst attack I have ever had, being at home from my business for a month. I really thought I had finished my business career for good. I was advised that my only hope was a very severe operation. This I refused to submit to. After using your treatment I am delighted to say that I have never felt better in my life. I am absolutely free from pain, and have just received an acceptance as a first-class life from an Insurance Company (at 64 years of age). You can imagine this is like a new lease of life to me, as I can get about freely and am as active as I was at 30."

M.S.S., of Redruth, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the splendid treatment you sent me some time ago. Previous to receiving same I had suffered for years through Bleeding Piles, and hardly had a night's rest, but now I feel A1 and can sleep and rest in comfort. Your Magic Pile Cure is splendid, and I only wish that I could tell people about it, as I feel sure many are suffering from this awful malady, but most people are shy of mentioning a cure."

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment is amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application and effects a cure in the shortest possible time.

Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to day for the Free Trial.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.28, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

I can hardly believe you got this lovely Wardrobe FREE Joan

Its quite true Jack Its my **HIGHCO CLUB** *Gift!*

When you return the Coupon you will receive full details of this Exceptional offer, and a copy of the Magnificent New Catalogue containing over 400 pages, many in natural colour, packed with amazing bargains in Personal and Household requirements.

You can show the Catalogue to your friends with confidence, and when they see the Wonderful Values offered, they will readily join your Club.

This is a Genuine and Straightforward Offer and is exactly as stated.

Return the Coupon to-day—there is no obligation whatever by doing so.

You can get one of these fine Wardrobes quite Free, or instead, any other article to the value of £1 from the Highco Stores new Catalogue.

All you have to do is to organise a Highco Club of 20 members, each paying 1/- per week for 20 weeks. You will then be entitled to select immediately, a

£1 FREE GIFT

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In addition to this Valuable Gift, you will receive

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Also, your Postages, 2/6, are paid for you.

Thousands of men and women are running Highco Clubs Pleasantly and Profitably, and turning their spare time into cash. You can do the same. Running a Highco Club amongst your friends is Easy, Simple and Pleasant. It calls for no previous experience, and there is no outlay of any kind whatsoever.

All you have to do is explained in a straightforward and easy manner which anyone can understand.

Return the coupon and investigate this greatest of all club offers for yourself.

FREE GIFT COUPON

Please send me your New Catalogue and particulars of Free Gifts and Cash Commission.

Name .....

Address .....

Return in 1d. unsealed envelope to:—HIGHCO STORES (Dept. K.9) Chorlton St., Manchester, 1

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All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Beware That First COLD!

Days are getting shorter—nights are getting colder. Take care! Beware that first cold caused by changing weather. Nip it in the bud or it may hang on, weaken you, lay you open to *more* colds, *severe* colds, *serious illness*. Get a Beechams Brand Powder and get relief for 2d. Acts like magic. Also wards off Chills and 'Flu. Wonderful for Headaches and Neuralgia too. Sold everywhere. A Beecham Product.

2d

Beechams Brand Powders

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative.

Ulcerated LEGS QUICKLY HEALED!

Varicose Ulcers and Poisoned Leg Wounds are difficult to cure. But Germolene does it. The quickest, most certain remedy. Mrs. H., of Sheffield, writes: "*Your wonderful Germolene has cured my ankles—the worst deep seated ulcers for 16 years. I had been under treatment and in bed for months at a time.*"

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ECZEMA, RASH, ULCERS, SORES, BAD LEGS, PILES, ACNE, BURNS, CUTS, SCALDS, etc.

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FRED (Coventry).—"What becomes of a car when it is too old to run?" Somebody sells it to us.

ATHLETE (Cambridge).—"A mosquito bite in the leg forced me to scratch." Irritating things, mosquito bites.

P. B. (Brighton).—"Every time I take a header into the sea I get a mouthful." This is known as a swallow dive.

TOBACCONIST (Bursiem).—"A large part of my profits is derived from the sale of snuff." A business not to be sneezed at.

J. M. (Glasgow).—"A photograph of myself fell from the dining-room wall and hit me on the head." You were struck by the likeness.

CLERK (London, E.C.).—"Nobody uses the lift in our building since the occasion when the ropes broke." It fell into disuse, as it were?

S. D. (Woking).—"Who is more exasperating than the fellow who talks as if he owns the earth?" The fellow who talks as if he owns all the trouble on earth.

MRS. R. (Hounslow).—"My husband persists in telling me about his work as a dustman. How can I stop him doing it?" Tell him not to talk so much rubbish.

EMPLOYER (Wivenhoe).—"I don't believe some of my men can count their wages." Evidently you have never paid one of them short.

NATURALIST (Kew).—"I am thinking of publishing a short work on the swallow. Do you think it has any chance of success?" It should go down well.

MAGNATE (City).—"When it comes to making money we've got to hand it to our women-folk." Less a shilling or two for train fares and cigarettes, of course.

MOTORIST (Woking).—"The brakes of my new car are very powerful. The first time I really tested them the car pulled up in a yard." After having gone through the wall?

W. T. M. (Carlisle).—"I once saw a circus clown throw china dishes on to the floor for two hours without a break." They couldn't have been china dishes he was throwing.

CLIMBER (Windermere).—"People who are photographed standing on the edge of a precipice cannot exactly be classed as lovers of mountaineering." But they are on the brink of it.

F. M. (Highgate).—"Now and again one comes into contact with men of very arresting personalities." That is so. They generally wear dark blue suits and take about 10's in footwear.

F. D. (Iver).—"A Hollywood screen actress remained in a hot bath for nine hours during the making of a film." The character she portrayed in the picture is a very hard-boiled girl.

WRITER (Bloomsbury).—"An editor tells me he always feels depressed when making selections from the batches of humorous drawings in his office." That's when he is putting all jokes on one side.

M. L. (Ipswich).—"New electric lamps giving one-fifth more light are to be installed in some country village streets." Courting couples will be up in arms because they cannot be up in arms.

G. L. (Hornsey).—"A leading member of a suburban debating society is a barber." He has a flourishing business because it has become well known that he conserves his voice in the daytime.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Cambridge). — "Small boys would stand more chance of getting their little sisters to play with them if they kept themselves clean and spoke politely." Small boys found that out long ago.

E. F. (Oundle).—"A regimental dinner cannot do much harm and, in any event, I don't see why a man should not let himself go now and again." But the trouble is that he can't always persuade his wife to let him.

CIRCUS PERFORMER (Blackpool).—"I was worried because my son didn't seem keen on entering the family profession, but he has now decided to train as a strong man." He has started by lifting a weight from your mind, anyway.

D. L. (Richmond).—"A new swimming pool is illuminated from under the water." Something of the sort should be done to the household bath. Then there would be a reasonable chance of finding the elusive soap.

FATHER (Glasgow).—"My son applied for a job, but was unsuccessful. I have since discovered that the successful candidate is the son of a well-known dentist, who I suspect used his influence to get his son taken on." You think he had a pull somewhere.

F.W. (Wembley).—"According to a scientist it is impossible to reach the centre of the earth." Our terrier seems to have ambitions to disprove this every time he buries a bone in the pansy bed.

the editor laughs last

THE KID

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. F. (Thundersley).—"I tried to make a living as a hoop manufacturer but failed." You couldn't make both ends meet?

S. B. (Fulham).—"Can you give me a good tip how to travel in comfort?" Give a good tip.

E. W. (Dover).—"What is the easiest way to make a bird bath?" Dust the little beggar.

A. S. D. (Penge).—"I am sure my son will eventually drive me to the grave." Is he an undertaker?

HARRY (Oundle).—"In times of trial, what is it that brings most comfort to a man?" An acquittal.

B. N. (Ilford).—"He is quite a big boy, but can only count up to ten." Then perhaps he'll make a boxing referee.

DORIS (Welwyn).—"A lot of girls wouldn't have a man for anything." But they get as near to one as they can.

OCULIST (Glasgow).—"The eyes do not take kindly to eye-veils." The nose is greatly tickled by them.

E. S. (Richmond).—"Skating rinks are now to have coloured ice." Black and blue would be very suitable.

COACH (St. Andrews).—"The secret of successful golf is never to lift the elbow." Not even at the nineteenth?

JOCK (Aberdeen).—"Aunt Sally stalls and cocoanut shies are not games of chance." They are fair play.

GRANDMOTHER (Effingham).—"How does the modern mother keep her son's twenty-first birthday?" A dead secret.

J. R. (Northampton).—"A man I know is offering to teach anyone to make shoes." Does he guarantee to get them on?

BACHELOR (Lincoln). — "Men never romance about their ages like women do. They can't get away from bald facts.

F. D. (Grendon).—"Do you know what I am going to have in my front garden when I have cleared away the leaves?" Yes, more.

GEORGE T. (Dundee).—"The fellow who stands by while his wife chooses his suits deserves that kind of wife." And those kinds of suits!

A. W. (Newcastle).—"Country folk often get quite annoyed at we people in the city bolting our doors at night." So do burglars.

T. N. (Epsom).—"The horse I fancied turned round at the starting-post and ran in the opposite direction." Had you backed it both ways?

LECTURER (Motherwell).—"Name me anyone more willing to work himself out of shape than a man who is a father." A man who is a contortionist.

T. MCGREGOR (Glasgow).—"I noticed tears in one man's eyes when I played 'The Bluebells of Scotland.' He must have been touched." Or else a musician.

UNCLE (Sutton).—"I've been keeping careful watch on my nephew since school broke up for the holidays." And on your greenhouse to see that this isn't broken up too?

P. B. (BOURNEMOUTH).—"I've got a new idea for a Competition." So have we. Have you seen the new Radio Pensa award which heads the 100 big 2-in prizes on page 47?

MISS B. (Cookham).—"A friend of mine who is an incorrigible humorist, spends his spare time levelling out ground for lawns." So he even takes the rise out of the land!

MRS. K. (Hednesford).—"We have just engaged a new maid, but the very first day she was with us she dropped the whole of my best tea service." She made a smashing start?

MRS. G. (Chepstow).—"The child next door is for ever practising the piano, but it's always the same tune, which gets terribly monotonous." You think she should change it for one with more rests in it?

ONLOOKER (Osterley).—"The pilot gave a wonderful imitation of a beginner learning the ground for the first time with the machine under his control." So he was, and it wasn't, a brilliant take-off?

FERRYMAN (Tilbury).—"I was feeling tired at the end of a busy day when several motor cyclists demanded that I should take them across. I felt like refusing, but the foreman said I must make another journey." That made you cross?

EMMIE (N. Kensington).—"I had just been flirting, and when my father told me that he was going to take a firm hold of the situation, I stamped on his foot—corn." Then he couldn't put his foot down.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

A Challenge and a Promise to Every Man and Woman Who is

THIN, TIRED-OUT, RUN-DOWN, WEAK, HALF-SICK and NERVOUS!

If VIKELP BRAND TABLETS, the Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Sea and the World's Richest source of FOOD IODINE cannot bring you Rugged Strength, Energy and new Pounds of Good Solid Flesh . . . If it cannot Quickly Relieve and Correct

INDIGESTION · SKINNINESS · WEAKNESS (*Female*)
CONSTIPATION · SLEEPLESSNESS · LOSS OF ENERGY
RHEUMATISM (*All Kinds*) · NERVOUSNESS · GOITRE

without the USE OF DRUGS—Then the trial is FREE!

Scientists have at last discovered the cause of run-down conditions, skinniness, weaknesses, and ailments that for no apparent reason keep thousands tired, worn out and sickly.

These scientists and eminent doctors now agree that it is glands starving for *IODINE* that cause nervousness, loss of energy, most stomach disorders, sleeplessness, thin watery blood and the general lack of stamina which exposes you to any illness that comes along.

Now however, in "VIKELP" Tablets, the richest known source of that precious FOOD IODINE, you have precisely the materials which are needed by these vitally important tiny, hidden internal glands (the most important factors in the control of weight and strength building). The rich supply of such natural minerals as iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, etc., contained in "VIKELP" Tablets stimulates the digestive glands and enables the digestion of fats and starches—the weight-making elements in food. Constipation and malassimilation are then automatically cured. The rich supply of FOOD IODINE in the Tablets ensures the control of metabolism and the conversion of food into rugged strength, new energy and solid flesh on even "naturally thin" men and women.

Try "VIKELP" Tablets yourself for a single week and notice the tremendous difference it makes, how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach disorders vanish, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows, and the new strength and energy it brings you.

If you don't add pounds of solid flesh and gain renewed strength, energy and vigour, the trial is free. Obtainable at all good chemists including Boots, and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd. If your dealer cannot supply you yet, send 3 11d. for a 100-tablet package (four to five times larger than ordinary tablets) direct to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. JB 9 4, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

What World's Heavyweight Champion Boxer "JIMMY" BRADDOCK, says about VIKELP Brand Tablets

"For years before winning the World's Heavyweight Championship, I had lacked the weight and rugged extra strength needed to compete as a genuine heavyweight. On the suggestion of a physical trainer I tried "Vikelp" Tablets and in six short weeks put on 26 lbs. of rugged solid flesh and shattering new strength. You can tell any thin, weak, underweight man or woman that "Vikelp" Tablets are the greatest weight and strength builder there is." **Jimmy Braddock.**

READ THIS AMAZING LETTER

Two years ago I had a bad attack of 'flu followed by colitis which left me very weak and run-down, and I also lost weight. I tried several different brands that were advertised but they were no good. I had given up hopes of improvement, for my weight had dropped to seven stone two pounds, then as a last hope I tried "Vikelp" and I started to feel better at once. I now feel really fit, can eat anything and have increased my weight to eight stone and am still gaining.

H. B., Ascot

VIKELP *Body Building Tablets*

See that you get "Vikelp" Brand Body-Building Tablets—don't be misled - Guaranteed or money back!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 321.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following thirty-three competitors who share the £850 offered :—

Atkinson, J., 2, Sutherland St., Barrow-in-Furness; Ball, G. B., Wood Lane, Stannington, Sheffield, 6; Booth, Mrs. A., 1, Halle St., Higginshaw, Oldham ; Burkitt, H., 60, Queen St., Brimington, Chesterfield ; Calvert, I., 699, Manchester Old Rd., Rhodes, Middleton, Lancs. ; Carr, J. H., 5, Uppingham Terr., Rockingham Rd., Kettering ; Cheshire, F., 358, City Rd., Manchester, 15 ; Crabtree, Mrs. E., 69, Redcross St., Rochdale, Lancs. ; Craven, Miss L., 2, Barnhill, Stanley, Co. Durham ; Davies, J. E., 7, Park Place, Cardiff ; Dodd, A., 30, Crockerton Rd., London, S.W.17 ; Durling, F., 9, Clara Place, Woolwich, S.E.18 ; Harwood, Mrs. V., 33, Benbow Rd., Hammersmith, W.6 ; Hickling, M., 13, Ocean View, Newbiggin-by-Sea, Northumberland ; Jones, Mrs. K., 70, High St., Croydon ; Jones, R. W., 2, Knowsley Rd., Fishponds, Bristol ; Lacey, A. C., 64, Cranbury Ave., Southampton ; Langdon, S. J., Trefoil, Sandown Rd., Sandwich, Kent ; Law, H. G., Low Conscliffe, Darlington ; Laycock, A., 170 Devonshire St., Keighley ; McFarlane, J. W., 5, Killingworth Rd., S. Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne ; Maxwell, G. E., The Cott., Bullbeggar Lane, Horsell, Surrey ; Meakin, Mrs. M. J., Albert Villa, Ashby Rd., Moira, Burton-on-Trent ; Nyberg, C., 51, The Grange, Shilbottle, Morpeth ; Palmer, W., Mattishall, East Dereham, Norfolk ; Peat, C. G., 95, Rugby Ave., Wembley, Middx. ; Rider, L. H., Upways, Guildford Rd., Chertsey, Surrey ; Ring, T. E., 345, Shalesmoor, Sheffield, 3 ; Salt, T., 219, Moorside Rd., Swinton, Manchester ; Spincer, Mrs. L., 10, St. James Rd., Southampton ; Sweasey, C., 50, St. James's Rd., Southsea; Tilbury, M., Woodmans Farm, Sarratt, Herts. ; Whitehead, J., Rundell Rd., Stocksbridge, Sheffield.

To each of them subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £25 15s. 2d. and a "Ferranti" All-mains Universal Radio Receiver will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 221 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 9s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Surprise Awards were won by 1,239 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to Pages 44 and 45 at once for details of "John Bull's" Colossal Crossword Offer this week. A Life Pension of £8 Weekly and £1,500 Cash (or a Lump Sum of £4,000) and other big cash prizes MUST BE WON. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity of winning a fortune—make up your mind to enter this great Contest to-day.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

The best way to wash fabrics is with SECCOTINE, the famous BRITISH ADHESIVE. The 'life' and freshness it imparts to all fabrics is really amazing! Insist on SECCOTINE! Avoid substitutes. In tubes everywhere, 4½d., 6d., and 9d. Free booklet explaining many uses from Dept. J.B., M'Caw Stevenson & Orr Ltd., Belfast.

SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Enamel or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid 22x17/6 or 5/2 monthly. 20 charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gents', Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems and Tricycles. Recent Club Medals.

52 MODELS

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Before Buying Your Radio—

Turn to pages 14, 20, 37, 39 & 40.

These offers deserve your special interest.

Free Catalogues will be sent on request.

"HELLO, JOAN . . .
YOU ARE LOOKING LOVELY"

"AH! . . . I'VE FOUND A WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY SOAP"

No wonder Eve Toilet Soap is so popular. Never before has such wonderful value been offered for such a low price. Milk-white, and possessing a satiny smooth lather, Eve keeps your complexion clear and youthful. Buy a tablet to-day. In its dainty double wrapper Eve costs only twopence.

EVE TOILET SOAP

a soap you'll love . . .
at a price you'll like

2d
A FULL-SIZE TABLET

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

EVE 35-384-65

GREATEST PENSION • plus • FORTUNE OFFER

RECORD 2-IN-1 PRIZE FOR SOLVING THIS ENTERTAINING PUZZLE!

ALREADY there are 22 successful competitors receiving a Crossword Pension cheque regularly from Long Acre—and they will go on drawing this income for the rest of their lives. Now, to celebrate reaching the huge total of £300,000 in value of Crossword prizes won, JOHN BULL to-day offers you the opportunity to win complete independence for life and a huge fortune—the finest prize in the history of Crosswords.

Here are the Clues to be solved and the coupons on which to make your entry. Over 70 of our big First Prizes have already been won outright, including one of £6 weekly for life and £1,000. So why should you not head the prize-list in this Contest with our Record Pension-plus-Fortune prize of £8 Weekly for Life and £1,500?

Do not imagine that hasty consideration and haphazard selection can win you that huge reward, or enable you to share in the fine extra sum of £1,000 which is to be divided between Runners-up as announced above. To be a winner you must solve the Puzzle with care and patience, letting the Solutions you submit be the result of considered judgment.

As a special attraction to mark this £300,000 Celebration Offer, you will notice, you are invited to enter one free pair of squares (on Gift Coupon provided) with each three other coupons you submit. But whether you enter one coupon or more, see that your entry reaches JOHN BULL by noon on Thursday, October 10, or no thrilling First Prize telegram can come for you on Friday, October 18.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Four further coupons will appear in next week's "John Bull." For further squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. For six squares send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. With each set of 3 paid sixpenny (or prize) coupons bearing same name and address and enclosed in same envelope, entrant is allowed one FREE 6d. ENTRY consisting of two squares. Larger entries proportionately—one free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it / & Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 10, 1935.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and Solution of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 5, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £600 to be divided between the Runners-up. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £4,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

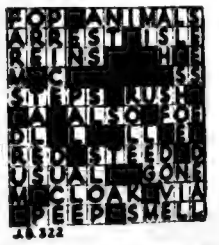
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £8 weekly and £1,500 in cash (or a lump sum of £4,000) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £600 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An extra bonus of £400 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received four or more entries (eight squares including two free) in one envelope. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24.

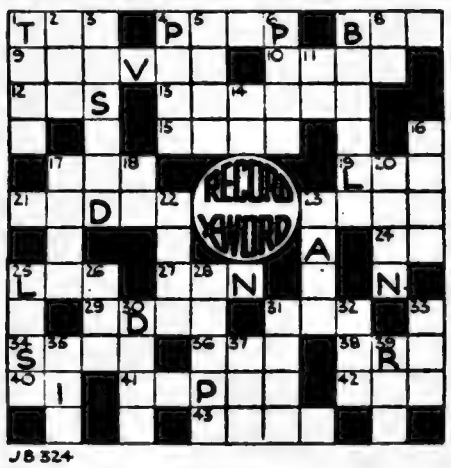
SOLUTION OF X-WORD No. 322.

Winners in Crossword No. 321 appear on page 43. Winners in Crossword No. 322 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 322 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

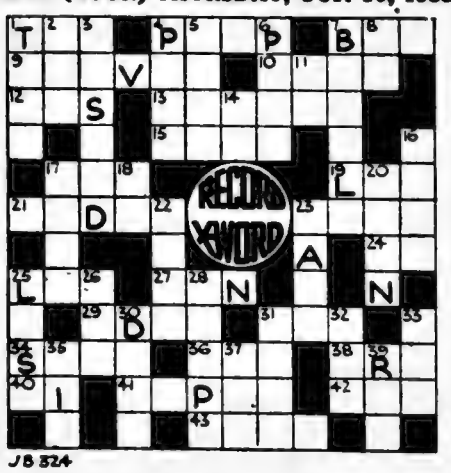


NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935



JB 324



JB 324

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

YOUR FREE-ENTRY COUPON

AND TWO FURTHER SIXPENNY ENTRY SQUARES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

STUDY THESE CLUES CAREFULLY

ACROSS

1. Boy's name found by splitting atom
4. Is much used in modern industries
7. Wrong sort of companions for young fellow
9. These produce salad oil
10. Burden that's sometimes on us
12. Sit the wrong way round
13. You'll have one for regular travel
15. Slower than a gallop
17. Dad gets in ruin—or in "The Sun"
19. A meadow that's in clearing
21. Roundabout's cheerful ones attract attention
23. A form of tax
24. Both ends of erasers in desk
25. Three letters but only half letter
27. Large vase in furniture
29. Keep away from this on cliff
31. Begins wedding and ends widowed
34. Shines in sky, or on stage
36. Always in cash, sometimes on carpet
38. It's an age
40. Half sigh that starts silently
41. If all had this daily, doctors would suffer
42. You sing this and breathe it
43. Your breath goes out when you do this

DOWN

1. Should be considered before giving bookie your money
2. Solid with ends cut off
3. Shop-window that's this means lost trade
4. Youngster who's this irritates people
5. One who uses is this
6. Dad catches it if he misses this
7. Clumsy person makes when tying parcel
8. In cask and in glass
11. She said this a thousand times to villain
14. Only vowels in chaos
16. Are being sought, to kill still more swiftly
17. Good one makes troubles vanish
18. Both ends of tale
20. It's odd if it isn't this
22. Don't employ a man who's this
23. Bathers go in this during heatwave
25. Bad luck makes farmer put up with this
26. Gets drunk every afternoon
28. Farmer sows and later does this
30. Outcome of many a match is this
31. Saying this means "Stop the syphon!"
32. Dear has been cut short
33. One can see this in the air
35. Should be put away carefully
37. Slim reduced
39. Mending this can be delicate job

FREE HELP Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page

CELEBRATES "JOHN BULL'S" £300,000 TOTAL OF X-WORD PRIZES

£600 HUGE PRIZE BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP

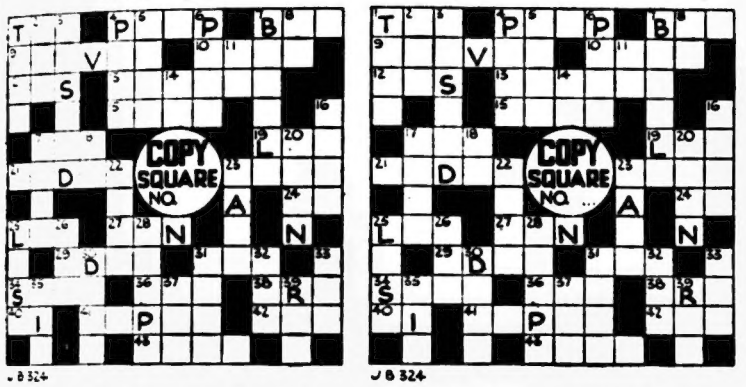
BIG CASH BONUS £400

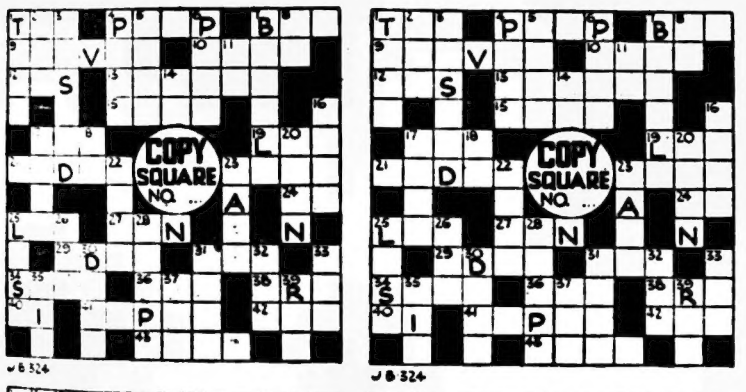
to be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives 4 or more entries (8 squares including 2 FREE) in one envelope.

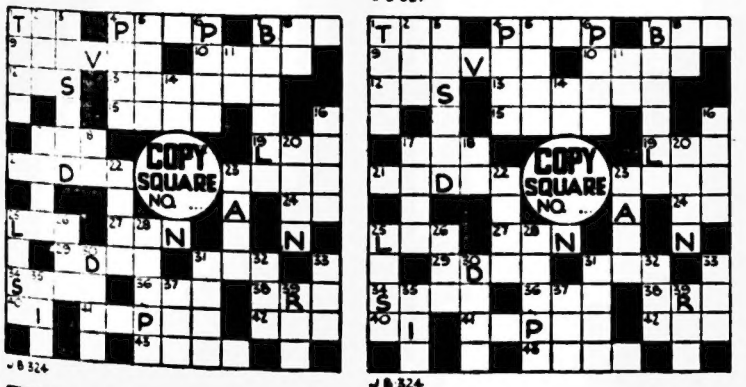
CLOSING NOON OCT. 10

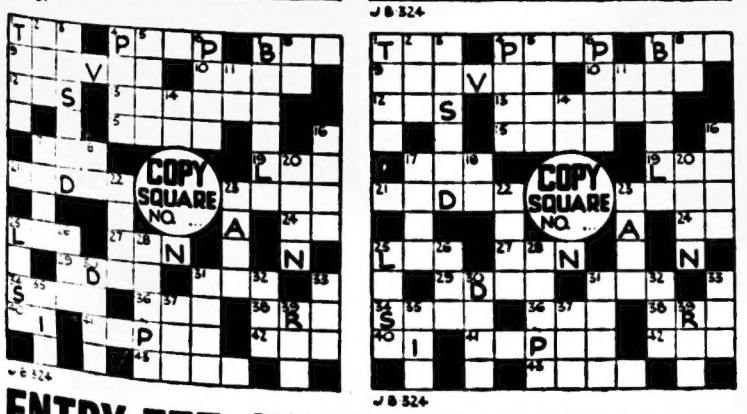
KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW

These squares will *NOT* be accepted as entries.







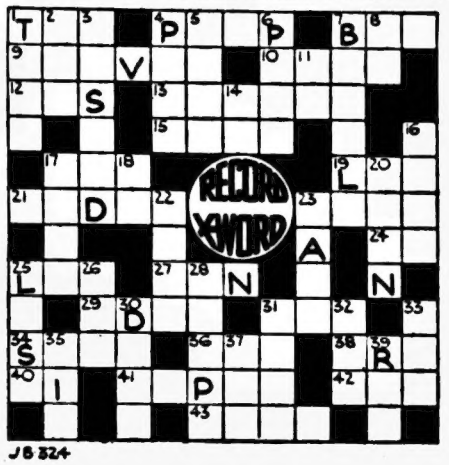


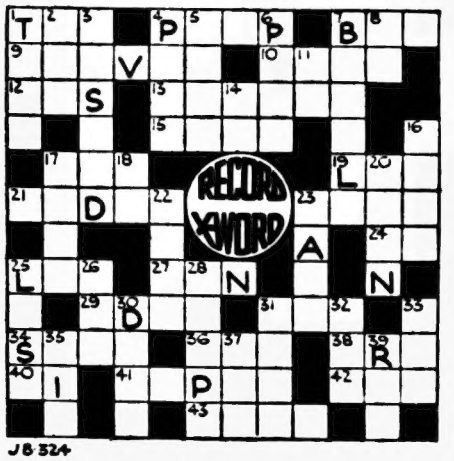
ENTRY FEE For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 324, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.):

REMEMBER YOUR FREE-ENTRY COUPON
The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are FREE, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.
AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

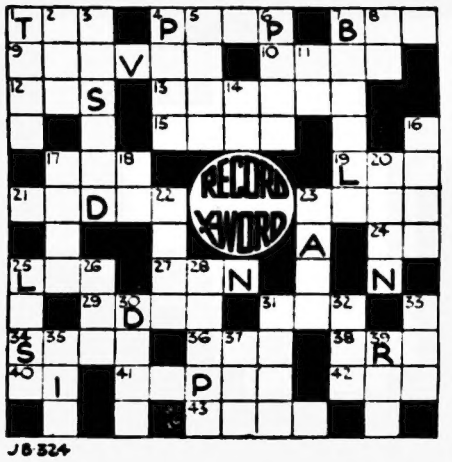
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 324—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

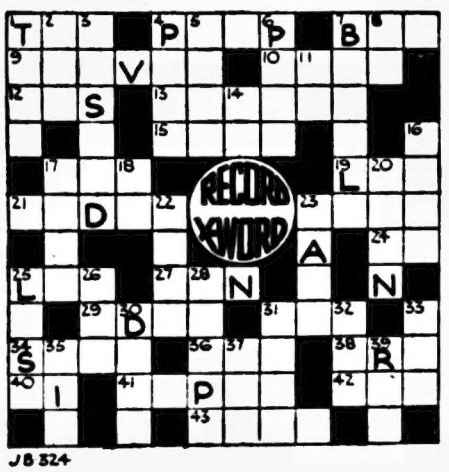
SIGNED.....

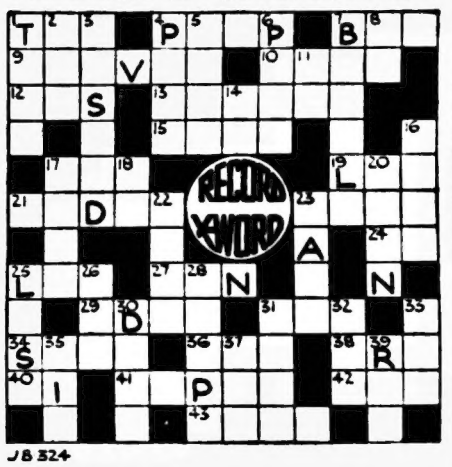
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 324, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize coupons.





FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 324, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

How to Win JOHN BULL'S BIGGEST-EVER CROSSWORD

Don't miss the vital words—words that may make you independent for life. Let *Guide and Ideas* help you to win the colossal fortune offered in JOHN BULL'S Biggest Ever Crossword. Study and profit by the special articles, expert advice, solutions and complete analysis in Monday's *Guide and Ideas.* This issue also contains unrivalled advice for Bullets, Doublits, Nutshells, Roundabouts, and Crossword Contests with prizes totalling *over £14,000!* Take the first step towards winning a fortune, and order *Guide and Ideas,* the bright home weekly for all the family.

BEST for FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Guide and Ideas experts give best forecasts covering all Pools and Plain Coupons.

RACING

Special selections and naps for the week's racing.

BULLETS

Guide and Ideas contains special hints and advice for Bulleteers. Every week our readers are winning handsome cash prizes in this popular contest.

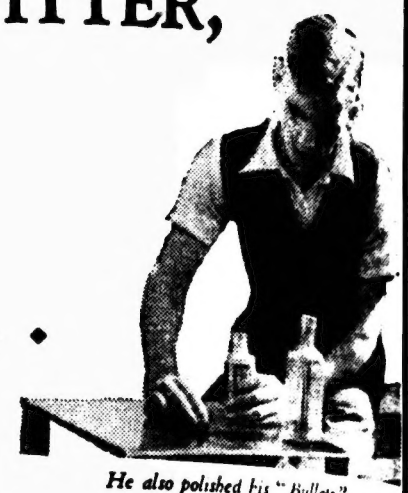
Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY 2d

GEAR-BOX FITTER, WINDOW CLEANER, FARMER . . .

Meet the "Bullets Big 3"



He also polished his "Bullets"

RETURNING home for lunch one recent Friday, a young gear-box fitter, employed at the Standard Motor Works, Coventry, found something on his table that made him forget all about food. Soon he was round at the Post Office, hastily scribbling this message to JOHN BULL: "Overjoyed. Ambition realised!"

The ambition of 24-year-old Mr. Holyoak, 62, Foleshill Road, Coventry, was to win a *Bullets* First Prize. And he realised it by capturing the £600 and Millionaire's Week-end for Two which headed the prize-list in our 997th *Bullets* Contest.

* * *

"I can't think clearly even yet," Mr. Holyoak told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative, when I called with congratulations. "My wife won't let me. She keeps remembering all the things I promised her before and since we were married sixteen months ago. It's wonderful to think I'll be able to keep those promises—at least, some of them!"

Not long ago, however, Mrs. Holyoak was not so enthusiastic about *Bullets.* They kept her husband up too late, she thought. But now she is thankful that he stuck to his hobby as he did, for without persistence he would never have got as far as making his First Prize *Bullet,* MILLIONAIRE'S PROBLEM — AND MINE, "AVOIDING NOTICE."

One of the first to benefit by his £600 cheque, Mr. Holyoak told me, will be his aged mother, who is in need of help.

"I also want to equip myself with better tools for my other hobby of carpentry," said Mr. Holyoak, showing me a table he had made and which was ready for polishing. "Then, after I've kept some of those promises to my wife, the rest of my £600 cheque will go into the bank. Just now we're too excited to make any big plans about what we'll do with it; they'll come later when we get back to normal."

* * *

A few words entered in the same Contest have brought freedom from worry for the coming winter to young Mr. W. Hammond, 95, Ramuz Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea, winner of the Second Prize of £100 and a Millionaire's Week-end for Two.

"I am a window cleaner, and my job is much affected by weather conditions," said Mr. Hammond. "This success has eased my mind about the coming winter and will allow for many extras needed in the home for my wife and two kiddies.

"Be natural in your efforts and study *Bullets Bulletin,*" is Mr. Hammond's advice to other competitors. Following those methods, he added, enabled him to write his *Bullet,* GIRL IN THE TRAIN—MADE "ROOM"—LATER, HOME.

* * *

Turning a sharp corner in his car, a farmer unintentionally disturbed a Salvation Army band and its surrounding group of supporters.

"All I received from them was a smile," recalled Mr. T. K. Gregory, Coedcelidd Farm, Trevethin, Pontypool, Mon. But now, thanks to the idea this incident gave him, he is wearing the broadest of smiles himself. With the *Bullet,* HAPPY BAND—*Salvation* ARMY WHEN "SURROUNDED," he completed the *Bullets* "Big Three" in Competition No. 997.

* * *

None of these three big winners had ever before scored a substantial success. But they had keenness, perseverance and faith in the judges.

You need no more to win one of the 101 big Cash-plus-Radio prizes offered for good *Bullets* this week.

BIG 3's BIG HELP

Each of these three big winners found their best guide to success in the stimulating pages of *Bullets Bulletin*

"I entered a lot of poor stuff when I started," said Mr. Holyoak. "But a batch of *Bulletins* soon set me on the right road."

If you want what Mr. Gregory calls "first-class information about *Bullets,*" secure your free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* by filling in the Easy Registration Coupon on opposite page.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 998

First Prize—£650 and Millionaire's Week-end for two:

M. C. MOULD, Rosenook, Brittany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Example: SINKING SHIP
Bullet: RADIO "SAVED," FAMILY LIFE.

SECOND PRIZE, £150 and Millionaire's Week-end for two:

N. COZENS, Berrow Road, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.
Example: Perfect Servant
Bullet: Underpaid—Then Left Fortune!

THIRD PRIZE, £100 and Millionaire's Week-end for two:

B. WARREN, 18, Chelmsford Street, Weymouth.
Example: Nothing To Wear
Bullet: Started Row 'Covering Everything."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

D. ARMSTRONG, Ballymacvea, Kells, Co. Antrim
Best Weapon—Smile, To Best Weapons.

Mrs. M. BURRELL, 120, Huddersfield Road, Bradford.
Stiff Price—*That's* Where Electricity's "Dirty."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. E. CUMMINS, 41, Nova Road, Croydon.
The Referee—Impartial? He's "All Colours"!

Miss S. FLORENCE, "Rosemead," West Cross Lane, Swansea.
Her Voice—Explains His 'Quiet One."

R. HARRIS, Littlebourne Lodge, Twyford, Winchester.
Her Voice—Stilled—"His" Voice Comforted.

E. H. OLIVER, 10, The Estate, Woodstock, Oxford.
Perfect Servant—Three Feathers, His "Duster."

E. H. PECK, 46, Limbrick, Blackburn.
Nothing To Wear—Statuette Reminded My "Venus."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

D. M. SINCLAIR, Broom Lodge, Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire.
Miss Italy—Heartless—Giving Mars Heart.

J. WILKINS, 74, London Road, Coalville, Leics.
Something To Live For—"Old Dutch"—Old England.

E. WILLIS, 38, Gas House Road, Basingstoke.
Her Voice—Another "Pipe"—Grandpa Cherishes.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

P. R. AUSTIN, 6, Atlantic Road, Birmingham.
Something To Live For—Silver "Meeting My Doom."

F. CLAYTON, 61, Stamford Road, Mossley near Manchester.
Perfect Servant—That "Bargain" Escaped Wifey.

V. DAVIES, 16, Elm Grove, Crouch End, N.
Strange But True—"Sailor" Admiral Campbell's "Thirst."

P. E. D. EAGLE, 53, Blacklands Road, Catford, London, S.E.
Sinking Ship—Rising Ship—Reduced Shipyard.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. KNOTT, 185, Northgate Road, Sockburn.
More Speed—Granny Dances Reels Furiously!

S. J. LOFTHOUSE, 7, Station Road, Willaston.
Her Voice—Deafens Me Demands Money.

Mrs. C. MITCHELL, 37, Morris Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.
Seen Through—Neighbours Peeping Through."

F. MURDOCH, 7, Windsor Street, Glasgow.
Starving—Cradle—Her "Hunger" Cry.

R. J. THOMAS, 36, Wellfield Avenue, Neath.
Glam.
Starving—Unemployed "Skeleton Staff"—Overtime.

Mrs. E. YEATES, 75, Castle Drive, Penn.
After The Match—Players, Friends—Referee Friendless.

A list of 25 £1 winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEW "BULLETS" RECORD THIS WEEK

Win £500 and RADIO PENSION

Winner of this unique award will at once be invited to choose any Radio Receiver value up to £12. And every two years JOHN BULL will replace it with a new instrument, to keep the "Radio Pensioner" up-to-date in Radio for life!

GREAT NEW DOUBLE FIRST PRIZE FOR A FEW WORDS

1001

WHO WANTS £500 CASH AND GREAT NEW "RADIO PENSION"?

BEFORE you to-day, for our 1,001st Competition, is a Record One-week Radio Offer—the finest seven-day opportunity to win a *Bullets* Cash-plus-Radio prize which has ever been known and one with a First Prize which is entirely new!

If by entering the best *Bullet* you become JOHN BULL'S first "Radio Life Pensioner," your £500 cheque will be accompanied by the unique privilege of selecting any Radio Set you wish for, up to £12 in value. And every two years you will be invited to select a new instrument, so that though Radio fashions may change and new inventions may come, you will always be able to enjoy possession of a modern model.

This unique 2-in-1 First is supported by no fewer than 100 other Cash-plus-Radio prizes. Each of these 100 winners will receive, in addition to a welcome cash award, a 1936 Burgoyne Universal "Fury," one of the finest instruments ever produced by these famous suppliers of *Bullets* Radio.

The air is full of entertainment to-day, and if you have no Radio or one which no longer gives satisfaction, you are missing hours of pleasure daily. With winter just ahead, then, what could be more welcome than a first-class Receiver and a bumper JOHN BULL cheque?

Both these can be yours if you rise to the occasion with the *Bullets* you place in the judges' hands within the next few days.

HOW TO WIN

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, go carefully through the list of *Examples* and mark a few which specially appeal to you—and also some which seem less attractive at first glance. Write them all out on paper, leaving space beside each for jotting down roughly the various thoughts it suggests to your mind.

Now polish up each of these rough notes into an effort for entry, remembering that a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, linked closely to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you had decided to work on the *Example* HEADING FOR GOAL. Your first rough idea might be *Working, After Unemployment's Worry*. Changing your comment into the football metaphor of the *Example*, you could easily produce the finished *Bullet*, HEADING FOR GOAL—"IN POSITION" AFTER "CORNER."

Now you are about ready to begin on the *Examples*. Before doing so, however, be wise and study the successful *Bullets* which figure in the result on opposite page.

Once you have fully appreciated the merits of these prize *Bullets*, you will be well on the way towards phrasing an idea of your own just as successfully. When you have completed your efforts, enter them on the coupons provided here and make sure they reach the judges by Saturday, October 5.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

BRITAIN'S POLICY	THINGS HAVE CHANGED AND	MILK
UNITED NATION	TOO MUCH TO EXPECT	NOT DONE
THREATENING	FIGHTING THE FLAMES	BEWILDERING
LESSON FOR ALL	HEARD ON THE PLATFORM	MISS EUROPE
DOCTOR BALDWIN	DRIVEN UNDERGROUND	BAD MANNERS
DAY AFTER DAY	HURLED TO DESTRUCTION	DID DAD GOOD
HARSH TREATMENT	THRIFTY CHAP	DREAMS OF YOUTH
CUPID'S AIM	ON MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY	HARD TO MOVE
IN EASY STREET	DIFFERENT WORLD	NEW GUN
HE'S A BIG MAN, SO	HEADING FOR GOAL	EXPANDING
SONNY'S EXCUSE	CHOICE OF TWO EVILS	LAID UP
WOMEN WHO WORK		SELDOM SEEN

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,001) Closing SAT., Oct. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,001) Closing SAT., Oct. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,001) Closing SAT., Oct. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,001) Closing SAT., Oct. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,001 usually purchase "John Bull."

AND . . . .

100 OTHER BIG CASH -PLUS- RADIO PRIZES

£50 PLUS RADIO
£25 PLUS RADIO
£20 PLUS RADIO
£15 PLUS RADIO
£10 PLUS RADIO
5 OF £5 EACH PLUS RADIO
15 OF £2-10s. EACH PLUS RADIO
25 OF £1 EACH PLUS RADIO
50 OF 10/- EACH PLUS RADIO

YOUR LUXURIOUS RADIO

will be the new 1936 Universal "Fury," straight from the Radio Show. A £7 7s. masterpiece of "Burgoyne" craftsmanship, giving superb reception with either A.C. or D.C. Mains

500 of 2/6
2,000 Red Seal 'Targets'
8,000 'Target' Prizes

THIS WEEK ONLY
CLOSING SAT., OCTOBER 5

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords!

USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Enter name and address on back of Postal Order.

The original cheque for £600 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 997 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Sadler, Newsagent, Foleshill Road, Coventry.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,001, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

How does she keep so Slim and HEALTHY

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and enjoys every minute of her life – all because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

So if you want to look and feel your best be sure to take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"My husband says I am a picture of good health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans nightly. They have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Levesley, St. Helens.

* * *

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans every night I have lost 8 pounds. I used to be breathless after the least exertion. But now I'm energetic and alert and my general health is 100 per cent. better."—Miss A. L. Telling, Bath.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU AT YOUR BEST

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